FILE

THE LIVING AGE

JN 1

The World in Review

In This Number:

A New Commonwealth — *Lord Lothian*

Fascist War Technique — *Emilio Lussu*

Living Room in Africa — *George L. Steer*

Wall in the West — *Emmanuel d'Astier*

Our Mortgage on Honduras — *Francisco Zamora*

Women in Totalitaria — *Sylvia Pankhurst*

Balkan Dilemma — *Jules Sauerwein*

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THE LIVING AGE

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THE GUIDE POST

LORD LOTHIAN, the author of 'A New Commonwealth,' and onetime secretary to Lloyd George, is, as recently announced, Britain's Ambassador-designate to the United States, and enjoys considerable popularity here. He aroused antagonism in certain American circles a few years ago for his pronounced pro-German views. Nevertheless, and although he is the first nonprofessional diplomat to be sent from London since the war-time days of Lord Reading, his appointment was well received here and abroad. [p. 308]

FRANCISCO ZAMORA, the author of 'Our Mortgage on Honduras,' is an outstanding Nicaraguan newspaperman. He is on the staff of the Mexican newspaper *El Universal*. [p. 311]

MUCH has been written about *Blitzkrieg*, the lightning war which is the theoretical basis of the Fascist technique of aggression. In the first article of our group, 'On the Totalitarian Chessboard,' Emilio Lussu discards the idea that the next war could adopt this method in practice. Lussu, who saw eight years of service in the Italian army, is one of the editors of the anti-Fascist weekly *Giustizia e Libertá*. A book of his on Italy's rôle in the World War is shortly to be published by Alfred A. Knopf. [p. 314] In the second article, 'Does Germany Rule the Air?' we reprint an instructive article from the London *Economist* which throws some light on that mysterious and, to some people, fearful thing, the German Air Force. [p. 317] In the last article Gerhard Schacher explains why Germany will not attack Russia, nor, in his opinion, come to terms with her. The author was the Central European correspondent of the London *Economist*, the *News Chronicle* and other papers. A book of his appeared in London this month under the title *Germany Pushes West*. [p. 321]

EVER since Versailles the breaking of pacts has become something of an international vogue. The writer of 'Twilight of Treaties,' Lamar Middleton, is the author of *The Rape of Africa* and *Revolt U. S. A.* [p. 326]

THE 'Western Wall,' Germany's answer to the Maginot Line just across the Rhine, is another link in the vast chain of the world's border fortifications. Started in 1936, it has now almost reached completion. Emmanuel d'Astier gives an interesting account of his own experiences while visiting this 'Siegfried Line.' [p. 329]

'FRAU LUKOR'S "AT Home,"' by Penistan Chapman, is an amusing little story about an unconventional household. [p. 334]

GEORGE L. STEER, who writes about 'Living Room in Africa,' has made a special survey of Southwest Africa. The results are contained in a book just published in England under the title of *Judgment on German Africa*. Steer is a South African with an intimate knowledge of the feeling in the country. He emphasizes especially the ineradicable objections felt by the Union Government to the return of any African territory to Germany. [p. 349]

IN OUR March issue we published an article by a French Catholic writer, Jacques Madaule, on 'Pre-Fascist France.' Writing in this issue, Alexander Werth, the *Manchester Guardian's* Paris correspondent, carries on Madaule's argument. He believes that if war is averted, the French people will eventually rise up

(*Continued on page 400*)

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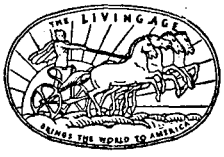

June, 1939 *Volume 356, Number 4473*

The World Over

THE USE OF THE TERM 'democracy' becomes increasingly ironical in relation to European countries. For as events in Europe develop along lines clearly indicated long before Munich, it becomes increasingly apparent that whatever else may be in the minds of those leaders theoretically opposed to the Berlin-Rome ideologies, the preservation of democracy is *not* a major item. True, certain countries, such as France and England, still pretend observance to the outward forms of democracy, but only insofar as it serves their essentially undemocratic aims, aims now openly apparent in both countries. In France, Daladier governs by decree. In England, a Tory hierarchy censors the press and the radio, skillfully recreates the war neurosis of last September, and behind the camouflage of a national emergency rules by dictatorship.

It may well be that, with a totalitarian Europe, the present methods of governing in France and England are the only feasible ones. It may well be that Chamberlain has wisely and adroitly kept England, and the rest of Europe, out of a war of chaos and ruin. It may well be that Daladier is a prophet without honor, and that Hitler is working for the ultimate benefit of mankind. One way or another, that is not our business. But it *is* definitely our business to examine closely and carefully when we are asked to lend support to England or Russia or France or any other European country, under the pretext of helping democracy in

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its struggle against dictatorships. In Europe today 'democracy' is a phrase, not a fact. Unfortunately, it is a phrase that sometimes too easily strikes a sympathetic chord in Americans, and wishfully we support in others what is in reality only a reflection of our own desires.

IN BRITAIN, THE BELIEF that effective resistance against further aggression by the Fascist and Nazi States can be organized only with the participation of the Soviet Union is growing. Even British Conservatives like Lady Astor and J. L. Garvin have lately joined the recent chorus of U.S.S.R. backpatters.

That Russia's immense resources in raw materials and men, her vast expanses and industries as well as her military forces give Soviet Union a vital place in 'persuading' the aggressors against further adventures, has been most clearly recognized by the aggressors themselves. (See also 'Where Russia Stands,' by Gerhard Schacher, page 321.)

Writing in the London *Observer* of April 16, 1939, a Berlin correspondent says:—

> Nazi Germany is watching with almost unbearable impatience the efforts of the British Government to arrange some kind of military agreement with Soviet Russia. . . . Threat of war on two fronts is the nightmare of all German military strategists.

In his speech at the Communist Party Conference in March, 1939, Voroshilov, the Commander-in-Chief of the Red Army, giving a brief description of the Army, said:

> Taking the Soviet Army at the time of the Seventeenth Party Congress in 1934 as 100, by 1939 it appears at 203, *i.e.*, there has been a numerical increase by 103 per cent, or the army as a whole has somewhat more than doubled.

Talking of the air force Voroshilov declared:—

> I can report that not infrequently one can now find in our military airdromes not only pursuit planes but also bombers with a speed far in excess of 310 miles an hour, and a ceiling exceeding 42,000–45,000 feet.

Voroshilov also stressed the fact that all sections of the Soviet Army receive not only a thorough military training, but an equally thorough political and cultural education. Speaking at the same Conference, M. M. Kaganovich, Commissar for the Aviation Industry, pointed out that during the Second Five-Year Plan, *i.e.*, 1933 to 1937, the increase of the defense industries had increased by 286 per cent. In 1938 there had been an increased 36.4 per cent over 1937. During the same period the aviation industry had increased 5½ times and in 1938 the output had been 40 per cent in excess of that in 1937, while the cost of production had decreased.

Hitler himself in his talks with Lord Londonderry (reported in *Our-*

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selves and Germany) averred that Russia is territorially immune from attack, that she can never be overcome by a blockade, that her industries are safe from aerial attack and that she has the strongest army and the strongest air force in the world.

One German Major, Lothar Schuttel, in a book published in 1938 in Berlin under the title *Air War Threatens Europe*, is tremendously impressed with the Russian airplane industry. He writes (on page 146):—

> 'One must expect that if the curve of increasing production in the Soviet industry for military airplanes continues steadily the output figures will rise in 1940 to about 12,000, perhaps even to 15,000 airplanes.'

Nauticus, an annual issued by the German Admiralty, comments as follows on the Soviet Navy: 'It is necessary to recognize the incontestable fact that the U.S.S.R. possesses the most powerful submarine fleet in the world.'

The following table, finally, comes from the *Deutsche Wehr*, official German army organ. It was published in February 1939. These figures, which do not include Germany, are only approximate but it is noticeable that with the exception of Italy and the United States the figures given are much higher than those ordinarily estimated.

ARMIES
(*In thousands*)

	Poland	Russia	France	Britain	Italy	U. S. A.	Japan
Peace strength	302	1,800	760	529.2	400	384	328
War strength	3,600	11,000	5,100	2,000	2,000	2,500	1,500

AIRPLANES

Poland	Russia	France	Britain	Italy	U. S. A.	Japan
1,600	9,000	5,000	5,000	4,000	3,700	2,700

IN HIS RIPOSTE to President Roosevelt's questionnaire late this spring, Chancellor Hitler did not use all the material prepared for him by Rudolf Hess, Minister without portfolio and one of his few confidants. The *Deutsche Informationen*, a press service emanating from Paris, disclosed recently that the Chancellor had ordered Hess to excavate certain alleged facts that, adroitly larded into his Reichstag speech, might have enabled him to thumb his nose, rhetorically speaking, at the White House.

Hess, for example, was assigned to gather some ostensibly devastating statistics with respect to unemployment in this country; by citing these, Hitler intended to tell the President, none too obliquely, to look to his own problems. Additional ammunition was to be gathered by Hess in the form of a review of the slump in industrial and bank dividends here in the past three years. Moreover, another depth-bomb was

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to be detonated by way of a reference to the profits made by American enterprises as an outcome of the World War (*i.e.*, out of German misery). Linked dialectically to these was to have been a citation, in ironic vein, of the sums due the United States from Germany and other nations in war and post-war interest and principal. Then, near the close of the address, Hitler had planned a reference to the total of orders recently placed with American armament firms by foreign countries.

The final and utterly shattering paragraph, calculated to discredit Mr. Roosevelt's argument completely, was to have been an enumeration of the Jews holding key-positions here in Federal, State and local governments, and in control of banking and industry. Presumably, Hitler found himself forced to condense the address, and much of the statistical dynamite gathered by Minister Hess went unused.

EMOTIONAL ITALIANS, in and out of the Government, who have been shouting deliriously for a surprise attack on Tunisia by means of a lightning-thrust on the French colony from the Libyan frontier, have just been subjected to a dash of realism. In the face of the Duce's periodic assertions that Italian arms are invincible, those same arms have been found to be in a pitiful state of vulnerability in Libya. That disillusioning judgment can scarcely be dismissed as 'malicious propaganda' by the detestable democracies since, unhappily, it comes from the Fascists' own military commission sent to north Africa under the headship of Marshal Pietro Badoglio, the conquering hero of Ethiopia. To make certain that the Italian chief of staff neglected none of the military realities of the situation, Hitler insisted that he collaborate with Reichswehr technicians.

The upshot of that collaboration, still unknown to a befuddled Italian public that clamors also for Nice, Savoy and Corsica, was a report to Mussolini that, under existing conditions, any contemplated seizure of Tunisia is a nebulous dream. In non-military language, the reasons given by the German experts are that there are not the 250,000 shock-troops in Libya needed for the action against France, there is an appalling lack of food, and of other stores and munitions required for a campaign that will be prolonged, motor-roads and trails to the west are entirely inadequate, Italy's own fortifications in Libya would prove an easy conquest for the French and, finally, native troops cannot be described as blindly loyal to Italy.

If this report, largely authored by Hitler's technicians, served as a healthy deterrent to a possibly near-sighted Premier, Mussolini has less reason to be grateful to his Axis-partner for other manifestations of his 'collaboration.' Some of these manifestations, indeed, are well calculated to give him sleepless nights. It has long since been known that in many

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northern regions of the Peninsula, Italian peasants are in open revolt against the alien presence of tens of thousands of German troops. But further to extend his disciplinary command of the situation, Hitler has now dispatched Gestapo agents throughout Italy; significantly, the Gestapo headquarters are at Caserta, a few miles northeast of Naples. Thus, in large numbers Reichswehr troops are in the north of Italy, and there are intimidating the peasants, while in similarly impressive force the Gestapo's secret agents are in the south. It will seem to many that, geographically and politically, Mussolini at Rome is dangerously in the middle. The Gestapo men, incidentally, together with hand-picked industrial, commercial and military experts (speaking flawless Italian) are being deftly filtered throughout the length of the country.

The Duce is commonly regarded as a realist, even by his own confession, but in matters military he may be thought less perceptive than the Italian High Command. Such bigwigs as Marshal Badoglio, Count Dino Grandi, the ambassador to London, the Fascist economist Alberto De Stefani, and General Italo Balbo, now Viceroy of Ethiopia, are openly warning Mussolini against these Nazi inroads, and are no longer timid in showing their nervousness and disgruntlement (according to underground advices to the anti-Fascist *Guistizia e Libertà* of Paris). They reason that a military alliance with Hitler is one thing; but to allow the Führer to overrun the country—and Italian Africa—with his troops, political secret police and civil agents is to take excessive pains to bring an end to Italian sovereignty.

A PIVOTAL POINT in the coming European imbroglio is little Portugal, which occupies 35,490 square miles of the southwestern portion of the Iberian Peninsula. An independent State since the 12th Century, Portugal today occupies a precarious position between the Western Powers and the Axis. It has been generally known for a long time that Germany has been endeavoring to secure submarine bases on the Portuguese Coast, while the Azores Islands, in the Mid-Atlantic, have been greatly developed by German aviation interests through a thinly disguised commercial airways system to South America and the airports of the United States at Baltimore and on Long Island. In the recent Spanish civil war, Portugal, while attempting to maintain the strictest neutrality, sided with the Franco forces and publicly denounced the intervention of Moscow on the part of the Loyalist régime in Madrid.

Because of Portugal's vast colonial empire, which includes 1,469 square miles in India; the Island of Macao off the China Coast; Timor Island, off the north coast of Australia; Portuguese Guinea, an area of 13,944 square miles on the coast of Sengambaia; Angola, on the west coast of Africa, which Portugal has held since 1575; and Mozam-

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bique, on the east coast of Africa, the Republic of Portugal is a natural ally of Great Britain, having to depend largely on the British fleet for the protection of this widely spread empire in British-dominated zones. The Portuguese fleet itself is negligible compared to the warcraft of the other colonial nations—it consists of two first class flotilla leaders, each of 2,100 tons, and two second class flotilla leaders of 1,100 tons; 5 destroyers, each with a displacement of 1,390 tons and 3 submarines of 900 tons each. This fleet is augmented by a small naval air force. The Portuguese Army, raised by conscription, numbers less than 50,000 men with reserves of 620,000.

The war in Spain over, Portugal is now the target of a campaign by Berlin to break up the long-standing treaty of friendship with Britain, first sealed by the marriage of Charles II and Catharine of Braganda. German agents are busy in Lisbon, the capital, spreading rumors that the government of Spain, with whom Portugal has a non-aggression pact, will one day 'annex' Portugal while across the frontier, agitators are advising the Spanish Falangists to demand the 'return' of Portugal to Spain. Strangely contrary to the German demand are the repeated assurances of Italy that Italian Legionaries stationed near the Portugal frontier are in no way threatening that republic. Meanwhile, while Dr. Salazar, dictator of Portugal, is himself an avowed Fascist, his prime interest at the moment seems to be to placate both the democracies and the Axis Powers. Even in the Far East, where the Portuguese Island of Macao is a perfect transfer point for arms and munitions into China, Portugal has retained the friendliest relations with Japan, on that end of the Axis. Thus, while Portugal was forced into the last World War on the side of the allies—with the approximate loss of a third of her troops—that country shows every indication now of remaining strictly neutral in the next war, following the example of the Scandinavian countries.

THE ACQUISITIVE DIPLOMACY of Germany toward Latin America sometimes startles with its baldness, and the forthright language in which its objectives are couched. But even the Führer's more irritable demands for colonies in the past year are far less ambitious than those seriously advanced in a volume published in 1911, the work of a military authority, Otto Richard Tannenberg, and entitled *Gross-Deutschland.*

In this beguiling volume, long since out of print, the author traces the various technical measures that, by 1950, would enable Germany to control, either colonially or by means of protectorates, all of Argentina, Chile, Uruguay and Paraguay, the southern provinces of Brazil 'where German culture already prevails' (*i.e.*, in 1911), and the southern part of Bolivia where oil exists—altogether, a not insignificant annexation of 6,500,000 square kilometres. In addition, certain Central-American grabs

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were envisaged by the farsighted Dr. Tannenberg, although the United States was at that time well advanced in the construction of the Panama Canal.

Yet this was not all that was to be realized by Germany eleven years from our day. Detailed maps in the volume (pp. 253–54) show that by that year the Colonial Ministry at Berlin would have jurisdiction over substantial slices of eastern China, all its coast, all of French Indo-China and, for good measure, the Philippines. With the British, Germany would also exercise total hegemony over Africa, save for barren consolation-prizes left to the 'racially inferior' French and Italians. Similarly, Asia-Minor falls to the colonizing genius of the Germans. In short—an empire that makes petty upstarts of the Greeks and Romans.

The reader of this dusty and decaying volume (with premature glee reprinted by the French in 1920) finds himself wondering how much of its argument was filched by Chancellor Hitler. Herr Tannenberg wrote with measurably greater coherence than does the German Chancellor, but much of the reasoning in *Gross-Deutschland* has the familiar ring of the economic naïveté—and the unadorned cynicism that makes great literature of *Mein Kampf*.

> Since Germany and Great Britain (the author reasons) have invested several thousands of millions of marks in South America, the two nations have no choice but to act in the interests of those [Latin-American] peoples.

And he adds, again with great reasonableness, that

> a German South America will put us in the Temperate Zone, a land fit for colonization, where our emigrants will be able to devote themselves to agriculture. . . . Germany and England will impose their decisions on South America whatever the circumstances, and against the eventual protests of the United States.

Dr. Tannenberg appended a sort of philosophical extenuation for his modest plan. It was as follows:

> First, whatever we undertake to do is justifiable, because we have the might; second, whatever we do is justifiable, because in substance it has been done by others before; third, the plan is practical, because it will not be difficult to impose our will upon the England, who are merely a nation of scrubby shopkeepers.

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The new British Ambassador to the United States fears for the continued existence of the *Pax Britannica*.

A New Commonwealth

By LORD LOTHIAN

From the *Spectator*
London Conservative Weekly

IT SEEMS clear that the political philosophy which has underlain the development of the British Empire in the last half-century is no longer going to suffice. That philosophy was individualist and liberal in the sense that it regarded the growth of individual liberty, economic liberty and national liberty as the primary objective and as the sufficient basis of all future progress. Liberalism was born at the time of the Reformation and the Renaissance, and in one way or another has been the governing motive of public activity in the British world from that time until after the World War. Its final and most complete expression, perhaps, was to be found in the theme which underlay Woodrow Wilson's wartime speeches, that universal democracy was the goal of human development.

This philosophy is now challenged from two sides. On the one side Socialism declares that the liberal experiment has failed to create economic liberty, because it does not assure to every citizen who is willing and able to work regular employment at a living wage. This criticism is now well established, and there are Labor parties, Socialist parties and Communist parties in almost every part of the Commonwealth which seek to modify the old individualist economic order in a collectivist direction. How far they have made headway can be seen in the extent to which in all modern democracies high taxation of the rich, social reform, the principle of trusteeship for backward peoples, the growth of the non-profit-making public concerns and State regulation of business has transformed, and is still transforming, the capitalist system as it existed in the era of *laissez-faire*.

But there is another challenge to the traditional beliefs about the British Commonwealth which, though it is far less generally recognized, is yet no less revolutionary and dynamic. It is that liberty has been carried so far that a balancing movement, on the one hand stressing the obligation

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to service on all citizens, and on the other requiring unity or integration between the autonomous nations, is imperative, if liberty itself and democracy are to survive. It is now quite clear that it is impossible for Europe to reach either prosperity or stable peace so long as it is divided into twenty-four sovereign States, each with an army, an air force, an insurmountable tariff and a foreign policy of its own. National autonomy is sound enough, but it must be balanced by some form of unity or federation, if Europe is not to be utterly destroyed by anarchy.

Again, what future is there for the British Commonwealth if, in addition to Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand—India, Ceylon, Burma, Newfoundland, Jamaica, Trinidad, Nigeria, Kenya, Tanganyika and a dozen other territories all attain to full Dominion status and are entitled to foreign policies, armies and air forces and high tariffs of their own? The Commonwealth will then have become an anarchy of twenty to thirty sovereignties only united by allegiance to a non-political throne. Indeed, it is possible to go further and ask whether it is not certain, in this age of aerial navigation and radio, that so long as the world as a whole remains divided into more than seventy sovereign States it will pay the price in chronic poverty, revolution and war.

II

Thus the wheel has gone full circle. The era of liberty is giving place to an era of unity. It is not that the liberal development has been wrong, but that it has been one-sided and must now be balanced by integration if liberty itself is to be preserved. How this process will develop it is impossible to prophesy. Already the pendulum has in places swung far too far to the other side. Communism has sought to unify the world by means of dictatorship from above at the expense of liberty. Fascism now dreams of integration by imperialism based on the possession of superior armed force and the ruthless use of it to terrorize other nations into peaceful submission to a single will. Now at the height of success, it may go far to achieve its purpose unless the free peoples organize themselves for defense in time. In the end it will fail, despite its discipline and armament, as all such attempts have failed, from Alexander of Macedon to Napoleon, for all forms of autocracy crush out in their subjects that moral courage and independence which is the real strength of nations. The true corrective to the excesses of liberty among the democracies is to balance individual license with the universal duty of some form of public service, as indeed Socialism requires, and to overcome anarchy, not by a League, but a federation, of nations in some new form.

But the latter solution is a long way off. It may take as long, before it is complete, as did the development of freedom. Nor is a federation a solution for the problems of the British Commonwealth today. There are still differences in civilization too wide to be bridged by federation. The organic unity of the self-governing parts would leave the preponderance of Great Britain too great. The Commonwealth, even if it were united, would not constitute in itself a basis of sufficient strength to enable it to solve with decision the international problems which today confront us.

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The dynamic factor in the situation today is no political theory but the accumulation of armed power in the hands of the totalitarian States and their distribution all over the world. The real reason why it has been possible for the nations of the Commonwealth—and the nations of North and South America, for that matter, also—to develop along lines of almost unrestricted freedom during the last century has been that they have all been secure against aggression from Europe and Asia so long as the British Navy commanded the seas and controlled the bases which were necessary to the exercise of world-wide seapower. Neither the Dominions nor any other unit, nor the United States or the South American Republics, ever had to consider seriously the possibility of world war till 1914, because so long as the British Navy was supreme, no other Power could reach them; or the consequences to themselves, even if they were fully independent, if the seas were to fall under the control of unfriendly or ideologically hostile fleets.

Yet it is precisely the issues which would immediately present themselves to all the nations which have hitherto sheltered behind the British fleet, if that fleet were to disappear and totalitarian fleets were to take its place, which have now been forced to the front of discussion. The British naval defense system is still intact, and is far from being undermined. But the alteration in the balance of power, both in Europe and the Far East, which has been produced by Hitler's drive and the advance of Japan in the Far East, is compelling not only Britain and the Dominions and India, but the United States also, to face possibilities which they have never seriously envisaged before and which have made the old policy of limited liability and of neutrality quite inapplicable.

It is already obvious that the old easy life in which Great Britain undertook to maintain a navy which was an invincible line of security to everybody else as against possible attack from Europe or Asia, and under which all the other units would remain free to decide, after war had broken out, whether they would take part in it or not, is gone, and gone forever. The strain on Great Britain alone is too great, especially now that its home base is gravely threatened from the air. Either the beneficiaries of the old system will have to agree on some new method of assuring their own security by common collective action to maintain control of the seas, or, if they decide to let the old British system go, those units which cannot retire behind their own ramparts, as the United States can do, will have to prepare to become the satellites of one of the totalitarian Powers.

Where the fundamental change in world forces, which has followed the rearmament of the totalitarian Powers and the too prolonged disunity and faith in disarmament of the democracies, will lead the English-speaking peoples it is impossible even to guess. But that we are passing out of the long era of the *Pax Britannica* and of the unrestricted growth of freedom and moving into an age when stress will be laid on the obligation of the individual to serve and on the imperative necessity for organic unity, if the intolerable evils of anarchy are to be ended and liberty is to be preserved, seems to be beyond all question.

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This author is none too enthusiastic about American imperialism in the south.

Our Mortgage *on* Honduras

By FRANCISCO ZAMORA

Translated from *Hoy*
Mexican Liberal Weekly

SPANISH HONDURAS may fairly be said today to have lost its last vestige of independence from the United States. American commercial interests own the so-called Republic lock, stock and barrel, and now official Washington has openly stepped into the picture to direct the political destinies of this Central American vassal.

At the outset of any consideration of the present and future status of Honduras, perhaps a recent and exceedingly subservient utterance by President Tiburcio Carías Andino, elected February 1, 1933, is to the point. It has the disarming charm of complete frankness.

'My policy in international affairs,' he informed the press, 'is to wait until the United States makes her decisions, and then to follow in her footsteps.'

'Even in the event of war?' he was asked.

'My policy,' he reiterated, 'is to coöperate with the United States in every conceivable form. I have always had the personal conviction that under all circumstances, and at all times, the policy of Spanish Honduras should be closely linked to that of the United States.'

That is plain enough. Such touching devotion to Washington, however, may rightly be supposed not to be altogether academic, and President Andino is now translating his point of view into action. Thus he has saddled the natives with the onerous terms of another loan from the United States, and he has agreed to recruit American specialists for service in certain technical and economic departments of his Government.

Further to Americanize its defense forces, United States Army instructors have been invited by President Andino to teach modern warfare to the Hondurian conscripts. The expectation in Washington and Tegucigalpa is that these American trained conscripts will, in turn, spread the American military gospel to the other republics of Central America.

A brief survey of the nation's

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finances will indicate to what extent the Andino policy has wrought harm, possibly irreparable, to the economy of Spanish Honduras. The administration of the customs is typical. The majority of the customs 'concessions' have been taken up by Americans. In the period 1932–36, these customs receipts fell 13,429,003 lempiras (the lempira is valued at approximately $.50), but the American concessionaires in the same period benefited to the extent of 63,153,931 lempiras. Concessions to other than American interests diverted another 7,378,126 lempiras. The figures break down to this: that in the aforementioned period, 70,532,057 lempiras in customs duties were distributed to alien interests. Of this staggering amount (staggering, at least, for a nation of the size and wealth of Spanish Honduras), the United States received about 82 per cent, which should have gone to the Tegucigalpa Government.

In 1936, the nation signed a reciprocal trade agreement with the United States. In the ensuing year, what may be described as President Andino's *yankeefilia* cost the country dearly, despite the fact that to all intents and purposes the treaty was 'reciprocal.'

II

By what means does President Andino propose to deliver his country out of the hands of the United States or, at least, effect a reduction in the interest rate on the mortgage? At least some degree of improvement might be worked by the adoption of lower tariffs, encouraging trade and the lifting of all duties on certain articles that Spanish Honduras is compelled to import. It would also seem the part of common sense to suppress the differential existing in certain import categories, which works to the decided advantage of privileged foreigners. Thus, the import tax imposed on foreigners in certain categories is appreciably less than is imposed on the same commodities consigned to Hondurians, who might be expected to be given first consideration in their native country.

Any such obvious remedies, however, at least as they might be initiated by President Andino, are apparently too elemental. Whatever remedial measures are to be taken will be devised by a commission of customs experts from the United States. At the urging of the President, the National Legislative Congress recently authorized the importation of such a foreign customs body for the purpose of 'making a complete study of the conditions in Honduras, particularly of legislation affecting the land and the nation's economy, of devising substitute legislation, formulating a new tax system and elaborating a general plan of agricultural and industrial development.'

According to one of Spanish Honduras' own economists, who might be expected to have some familiarity with the subject, 90 per cent of the banana exportation is in the hands of foreign interests (chiefly, the American United Fruit Company), 85 per cent of the gold export is in the hands also of alien combines, while the entire silver output is reserved to non-Hondurian agents, since individuals are forbidden to mine that mineral. Finally, cocoa exports are entirely in the hands of the non-Hondurian fruit companies, primarily operating from the United States, and the sugar ex-

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portation has been bought up by a concessionaire.

In other words, the export wealth of Spanish Honduras, produced by Hondurian labor at sub-subsistence wages, goes almost entirely to foreign exploiters. The prolongation of such conditions must spell disaster for the bulk of the population of nearly 1,000,000.

But President Andino leans confidently on the forthcoming labors of the American customs experts. Yet even he should know that the most qualified experts in the world are incapable of creating wealth in a nation, when its wealth is already possessed by someone else. The situation has its ironic side. The commission expected to pull the rabbit out of the hat represents the very nation which holds the rabbit firmly by its tail.

III

Apart from the adverse economic implications of the loan from the United States, there is a political aspect to the situation that scarcely augurs well for Spanish Honduras. No intelligent citizen of the nation is blind to the fact that there is a string tied to economic assistance from the United States: Washington will demand that Spanish Honduras join actively in the defense of Latin America from totalitarian contagion. If necessary, its American-trained militia must be utilized to expel Nazi-Fascist-Japanese 'imperialists' from Central America. The threat is more real than many realize. Italian pilots dominate the Guatemalan airforce while much of that nation's armament is of German fabrication. Salvador and Nicaragua, it is well known, have received gifts of arms from totalitarian nations that are not prone to altruism. The army of Salvador is at least in part Fascist-trained.

It is clear that the United States is prepared to support native totalitarian régimes in Latin America (as, for example, that of Vargas in Brazil, Somoza in Nicaragua, and now Andino in Spanish Honduras), as the most effective protection against the attempted inroads of the authentic dictators. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the United States, in developing this precautionary policy, not only will support such native dictatorships in Latin America, but will foment them where as yet they do not exist.

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A group dealing with Fascist warfare in theory and practice; the strength of the German air force; and the fluctuations in the relations of Russia and Germany.

On the Totalitarian Chessboard

I. Fascist War Technique

By Emilio Lussu

Translated from *Giusticia e Libertá*, Paris Anti-Fascist Italian Weekly

THE military action behind the political pressure exercised by Hitler on Czecho-Slovakia last September and again in March of this year, when that unhappy country was finally destroyed, gives the world a fairly clear idea of the Nazi-Fascist conception of modern warfare. From theory, it has passed to practice.

In September and in March, the German General Staff concentrated an overwhelming mass of bombing and pursuit planes, which threatened to raze Prague and every other mass-center of resistance. There was, besides, a frontier concentration of army corps, heavy artillery and tanks. But the air force constituted the most threatening weapon since it alone could convert, in the space of a few hours, diplomatic threats into action.

During these two crises, events followed one upon the other with such rapidity that public opinion and even the chancelleries in Europe were unexpectedly faced with violent action. Both sides—even the well-informed Mussolini—were surprised by the Nazi *fait accompli*.

The now familiar procedure was followed with Memel and, more quietly, with Rumania. The signing of the commercial agreement, whether preceded or not by an ultimatum, was imposed by Hitler by a threat of imminent military action in a matter of hours.

It is not difficult, therefore, to foresee the pattern of the next war which international Fascism will unloose on Europe, unless the democratic States decide to submit to its hegemony without collective resistance. It will be a swift surprise war, secretly prepared and suddenly initiated on one or more fronts, almost certainly without formal

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declaration of war. The air-force will constitute the exterminating vanguard of the infantry during both attack and maneuvers.

Given the formation of modern armies in Europe and the Far East, which are now composed of great national and popular masses, the center of resistance in a war tomorrow is no longer restricted to the armed forces proper of a country but in its people, that is to say, in the firm will to fight of the nation as a whole. The nation therefore becomes a political rather than a military center of power. In view of this, the first objective tomorrow will necessarily be the great cities, regardless of their situation or their industrial importance, in order to terrorize them and destroy the morale of the people and thus weaken their potential reserves of combative energy. The rest—the breakdown of the military forces and their ultimate destruction—is but a consequence of this first objective. That initial step is reserved for the air-force.

Such is the Fascist conception of modern warfare. Obviously international law, human rights and morality have no place in that strategy.

In military technique the divergent concepts of Italian Fascism and German Nazism appear identical when taken *en bloc*, however much the General Staffs may differ in their evaluation of certain essential principles of strategy and tactics. The German General Staff—which is no freer than the Italian General Staff from the influence of the Government—nonetheless has succeeded in remaining traditionalistic and scientific, in conformance with the technical predilections of one of the most thoroughly industrialized nations of the world. Hence the importance the German General Staff attaches to technique. For almost opposite reasons, the Italian General Staff, which must cope with the difficulties of a country relatively poor in industrial development, lays emphasis chiefly on men, on the daring and valor of shock troops.

II

This difference in concept manifests itself clearly in the conclusions drawn respectively by Italian and German military critics from the Ethiopian and Spanish wars. These antipodal views may also explain why a series of articles which General Zoppi was planning to publish in *Popolo d'Italia* were abruptly stopped, after publication of the first instalment, which appeared in the issue of February 18. The Italian General attached greater importance to valor than to technical superiority. The German General Staff —which dominates the military in Italy today, as did Radetsky in Milan during the middle of the 19th century —doubtless intervened and put a halt to a campaign which was likely, according to its lights, to corrupt the Italian army.

Nevertheless, Zoppi's opinions are shared by General Gambara, Divisional Commander of the Italian forces in Spain during the last offensive in Catalonia. In his report to the Duce, and in newspaper interviews, General Gambara has affirmed that, according to the new (Fascist) tactical principles of the 'total offensive,' the flanks are effectively defended by a frontal attack: 'The flanks are defended by the front or spearhead of the column.' This is tantamount to

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saying that there is no need for undue precaution against enemy attack either on the flanks or from the rear, but that the troops must forge ahead, at top speed, regardless. It is daring which wins.

Had the Spanish Republican Army had reserve divisions for flank attacks, or heavy artillery to use at strategic points against the motorized detachments of the Littorio Divisions, that principle would have spelled catastrophe for the Fascist detachments which had been sent ahead of the main body of troops. According to this tactical view, the command of the German Army in 1914 should not have felt itself threatened by the French troops entrenched near Paris, and should have felt secure despite its unprotected right flank.

The need of Italian generals to set such store on the valor of the soldier, to the point of minimizing military tactics, is undoubtedly the result of an inferiority complex stemming from the military disasters of Novara, Custoza, Adowa and Caporetto. These disasters have been attributed by the Italian generals to the shortcomings of the soldier and not, as was true, to their own insufficiency. Even Cadorna attempted to shift the responsibility for the critical break in the front to the broken resistance of one or another detachment, rather than confess his own incompetence.

But despite this divergence of opinion on technique versus valor, the concept of *Blitzkrieg* (a lightning-like war) is held by both staffs. Both are convinced that it can bring decisive victory virtually overnight. Aviation is the ideal weapon for instantaneous effect.

There is no accurate measuring-rod, in the immediate past, by which to judge the efficacy of an air-force in a future war. The war in Spain gave us only an inexact idea of the effects of bombing- and pursuit-planes operating *en masse*. In Spain, bombing planes in large measure replaced heavy artillery which was inadequate on both sides.

In tomorrow's war, the totalitarian air-force will play a rôle of paramount importance. A bombing-raid will have a radius of action averaging a thousand miles, with double that mileage for cruising range. Five or six hundred planes will fly in full formation as aerial divisions. The speed of armed bombing-planes, though loaded with munitions, will not be less than that of pursuit planes. They will be able to continue on their route, unconcerned, even if sighted and followed by enemy pursuit-planes. They will be protected by hundreds of pursuit-planes divided into highly mobile squadrons. Thus, more cities can be razed to the ground within a few hours by means of day and night raids.

This is the Fascist strategy in theory.

III

It must not be forgotten that there will be parallel use by the enemy of their respective air-forces for defensive and offensive action. The former will try to disrupt the attack and the other to bomb cities in Fascist territory.

It is difficult to believe that the air-forces of the Fascist Powers can ever accomplish the strategy prepared for them. Anti-aerial defense has reached a surprising degree of efficiency. Planes will be forced to fly exceedingly high to escape the range of anti-aircraft guns. At an altitude

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of 50,000 feet, no objective is very clear. True, the moral effect will far outweigh the material effect, but the remedy for that initial psychological damage can be found. It has been demonstrated that the morale of the civilian population can be raised during war-time to the same level as that of the men in the trenches. Madrid and Barcelona are two cases in point. The longer the war endures the more hardened civilian populations grow to its terrors.

It has become axiomatic today that no major war can be ended by an air-force. As in the World War, decisive victory will be won by the mass of infantry.

If the States opposing Fascism can resist the first shock, as is quite probable, Fascism will lose in the long run, as a result of the internal crises precipitated by a consequent war of attrition. The Fascist and Nazi régimes are staking their fate on the element of time. Victory can be theirs only in the improbable event of a rapid and short war. Should the war continue for any length of time and its resolution end in the trenches, Fascism will be destroyed, technical perfection and valor notwithstanding.

II. Does Germany Rule the Air?

From the *Economist*, London Financial Weekly

[*The size, striking power and general quality of the German Air Force are the dominating facts in the present position of European diplomacy. Statements made about Germany's alleged superiority in the air played their part in forming opinion at the time of the Munich Agreement. Unfortunately, there is no subject on which, in the absence of ascertained fact, wilder misstatements are current. Since the export of information about the Air Force, is, in Germany, a form of high treason, the disentangling of the probably true from the certainly false is a task of considerable difficulty. An attempt has been made here to present such estimates as seem reasonably securely based on fact.*—The Editors *of the* Economist]

THE treaty of Versailles imposed upon Germany a total prohibition of all forms of military aviation. This prohibition was never observed; indeed, it was unreasonable to expect that it would be. The German Government at all times owned a certain number of warplanes, sometimes as many as 300, some of them kept outside Germany, others disguised as newspaper planes or long-distance mail planes. A flight of camouflaged single-seater fighters, the so-called Reklame-Staffel, was the main item in the program of many an Air Sport Rally long before Herr Hitler came to power. The German aircraft firms maintained factories in other countries, at which aircraft were built for the Government, and the results of Government-subsidized research were tested. This system produced many types famous in their day, such as the Junkers G 38, Ju 52 and W 33, the Dornier Wals and Superwals and the Heinkel He 70, which were all used as civil aircraft in Germany, but when

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built at the foreign plants, were first-class military aircraft. Continuous study of patterns of training and tactics was also maintained in Germany, and it was for revealing some of the details of this secret aerial rearmament that Carl von Ossietzki, the Nobel prize-winner, was sentenced to imprisonment.

The German aircraft industry today consists of approximately 29 large and small firms, with about 51 factories altogether; in addition there are 17 plants making aero-engines. Most of these are on the Baltic coast, around Berlin and in Central Germany. The old-established factories, especially those of Junkers, Dornier and Heinkel, have, of course, very greatly expanded since 1933. Junkers, for example, besides expanding the original plant at Dessau, has set up new factories in Breslau, Köthen, Leipzig, Magdeburg and Leopoldshall.

The industry is organized in such a way that the design and construction of prototypes (*i.e.* new models) is completely separated from mass production. Thus the two Heinkel plants at Rostock and Warnemünde are entirely concerned with prototypes, while the other plants of the firm, such as the huge factory at Oranienburg near Berlin, are confined to the assembly of parts, supplied by subcontracting firms, which cover a wide range of industry, including, for example, some of the shipbuilding firms.

The number of workmen employed by the aircraft industry itself, excluding the sub-contracting firms, is at least 170,000 men and women (from a quarter to a third are women). The average working time of 52 hours a week is often extended to 58 or even 60 hours, and cases of even longer hours are not unknown. According to official figures, the average wages per hour for skilled workers are 78½ Pfennig ($.32) an hour, while unskilled men receive about 62¼ Pfennig ($.25) and women's wages are much lower.

At the end of 1938, the German Air Force appears to have consisted of about 280 squadrons. The full strength of a squadron is nine machines, with three more planes on the station reserve. If all the squadrons were up to full strength, the total number of first-line fighting planes would be about 3,400. To these must be added about 500 planes of first-line quality employed by the police, about the same number of transport planes and a number (said to be 700) of single-seater aircraft for training fighter pilots. The total of fighting planes of first-line quality that could be mobilized in time of war would probably be from 5,500 to 6,000, in addition to the second-line and third-line reserves, which are numerous but of unknown fighting value. To these must now be added the spoils of Czecho-Slovakia: 76 squadrons of a first-line strength of about 750 machines. But these machines are, of course, of types quite different from the rest of the German air force.

By the usual methods of calculation, however, the front-line strength of the German Air Force appears to be about 4,200 planes, of which about 2,500 are bombers. This figure is confirmed by such statements as have been made as coming from the German authorities. Thus the *Essener National-Zeitung*, which is closely connected with Field-Marshal Göring, the Air Minister, printed, with approval, on October 26, 1938, an Italian estimate

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that at the time of the Munich Conference Germany's first-line strength was 3,000 machines. The editor of an American aeronautical journal has reported that he was informed by the German authorities that the monthly output was 800 planes of all kinds, which would suffice to replace the whole first-line strength in four months. This would give a figure of 3,200 planes. The last precise British program was for a first-line strength of 2,370 machines in the metropolitan force by March 31, 1939, and this program has been achieved, and probably exceeded. The conclusion appears to be that some months ago Germany's air force was little more than half as large again as the British.

The figure of 800 machines a month is probably an exaggeration of the actual output, certainly in the last quarter of 1938, unless it is intended to refer to *possible* output. It seems probable that the actual output in the last few months of 1938 was no more than 500 machines a month, and that it may be 600 a month now.

II

The two tables on page 320 attempt to make a comparison between the chief types of machine currently in production for the British and German Air Forces (the introductory note should be read). These tables omit both those types which, though still in service, are not being produced and also models which have not got beyond the prototype stage. The tendency in Germany is for fighters to get larger and bombers smaller, and for both to get faster. Thus two new fighter prototypes are the Messer-Schmitt Bf 110 with two engines of 1,300 h.p. each and a maximum speed of over 350 m.p.h. and a new Heinkel whose calculated maximum speed, according to its designer, is to be 440 m.p.h. A specially prepared version of the latter has been flown at 463.8 m.p.h.—though only at 150 feet from the ground. But so far as the service speeds are concerned, the German fighters do not seem to be as fast as the British Spitfires and Hurricanes, with 'well over' 362 and 335–340 m.p.h. respectively.

The German Air Force has more 'dive-bombers' than any other air force. The Royal Air Force has few machines specifically of this type, but the Air Ministry has specified that all fast single-engine bombers, such as the Fairey Battles, must be constructed in such a way as to stand the strain of dive bombing. The chief difference of policy between the two countries appears to be in bombers. The performances of the German machines are undoubtedly good. There is no proof at all that the latest types are poorly finished or of inferior design, or that they have suffered significantly through any abandonment of high standards of construction. On the other hand, the use of substitute materials has dangers and disadvantages, which would increase in time of war. Unquestionably, however, the performance of the British machines, type for type, is superior to that of the German. The superiority is most marked in the fighters; but among the bombers, the Germans have no type to compare with the Blenheims.

The German Air Force is at present divided into four air fleets for purely offensive purposes: in Berlin for the East, in Brunswick for the North (*i.e.* Britain), in Munich for the South (*i.e.*

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Types of Aircraft in Current Production, Britain and Germany

The performance of a fighter is judged by its armament, rate of climb, ceiling and speed, for a bomber, its bomb load, range and speed. For both types landing speed is also important, as determining whether the planes could be flown from war landing grounds. The following tables give such information as is available. The general remark must be made that the German tendency is to give maximum performances registered on special occasions; the British to give average performance under service conditions. *This must be borne in mind in comparing the two tables.* This remark is particularly applicable to figures of speeds.

GERMAN TYPES	No. & h.p. of engines	Climb, to ft. in min.	Ceiling, ft.	Maximum speed, m.p.h.
FIGHTERS:				
Messerschmitt Bf.109 (3–4 machine guns)	1×950	3,280: 1·75	....	310–320
Heinkel He 112 (4 machine guns+6 bombs of 22 lbs.)	1×650	3,280: 1·2	....	316·7
		Bomb Load, lbs.	Range, miles	
DIVE BOMBERS:				
Henschel Hs 123	1×660	....	....	220
Blohm and Voss Ha 137	1×650	10×22 or 5×110	360	205
Junkers Ju 87 K	1×950	1×550–1,100	....	....
Heinkel He 118	1×1,070	20×22 or 1×1,100	650	261
BOMBERS:				
Heinkel He 170 K	1×910	6×110	1,428	279
Henschel Hs 126	1×870	5×22	680	220
Henschel Hs 124	2×870	1,980	2,610	270
Dornier Do 17	2×950	1,980	1,490	292
Heinkel He 111 K	2×950	1,660	935	261
Junkers Ju 86 K	2×760	1,875	780	226
FLYING BOATS & SEAPLANES:				
Dornier Do 18 E (Flying Bt.)	2×650	....	c3,000	160
Arado Ar 95	1×880	6×110 or 1×1,100	....	192

BRITISH TYPES	No. & h.p. of engines	Climb, to ft. in min.	Ceiling, ft.	Maximum speed, m.p.h.
FIGHTERS:				
Hawker Hurricane (eight machine guns)	1×1,030	10,000: 4·1	35,000	335–340
Supermarine Spitfire (eight machine guns)	1×1,030	....	....	over 350
BOMBER-FIGHTER:				
Blackburn Skua	1×895	....	....	...
		Bomb Load, lbs.	Range, miles	
BOMBERS:				
Fairey Battle	1×1,030	....	1,000	257
Bristol Blenheim	2×920	....	1,900	295
Vickers-Armstrong Wellington	2×900	....	....	...
Handley Page Hampden	2×900	....	....	...
Armstrong-Whitworth Whitley IV	2×900	....	....	...
Handley Page Harrow II	2×925	....	1,150	200
FLYING BOAT:				
Short Sunderland	4×1,000	....	....	210

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France), and in Vienna for the South-East. There are in addition four independent commands: (1) at Königsberg, (2) and (3) the commands of the Army Coöperation and Naval Air Arm units, and (4) the command of the 'Air Defense-Zone West' at Wiesbaden.

The smallest strategic unit is the *Staffel*, or squadron, of nine planes plus a station reserve of three. Three *Staffel* form a *Gruppe*, and three *Gruppen* a *Geschwader*. The personnel of the German Air Force amounts to more than 150,000 officers and men. Volunteers for appointment as pilots have usually undergone preliminary training, either in gliding or in small motor craft, at one of the local branches of the *National-Sozialistische Flieger Korps*, which is said to have already issued 60,000 certificates. It does not, of course, follow that Germany has that number of pilots trained to war standard. On the contrary, the supply of pilots is reported to be one of the chief factors imposing limitations on the possible speed of expansion.

The German Air Force has about 900 airdromes at its disposal, of which 180 are permanent military airdromes. There are something over 400 airdromes and landing grounds in Great Britain.

Perhaps the weakest point in Germany's air armaments is the supply of fuel. According to the Four Year Plan, Germany's peace-time requirements of fuel of all kinds will be 6.3 million tons in 1940. Of this amount, only 1.2 million tons are being produced in Germany at present. Moreover, the wartime requirement has been assessed at as much as 15 or 20 million tons a year. The expansion of domestic production would be limited by the time required to construct the plant, by the difficulty of mining the enormous quantities of coal that would be required and the impossibility of providing workers. The daily consumption of a first-line air force of 6,000 planes (of which 50 per cent are twin-engined bombers) with engines of an average output of 800 h.p. and an average consumption of 200 grams of fuel per h.p. per flying hour, and with an average flying time of two hours a day, will amount to over 3,000 tons a day or 1,000,000 tons a year.

All these figures are extremely conservative, and make no allowance for training or transport or the manifold other requirements of an air force. Germany's Air Force alone would consume at least twice as much oil as is now being produced there.

III. Where Russia Stands

By Gerhard Schacher

THE upshot of the frantic conferences in the chancelleries of Europe during May, extending across the breadth of the Continent from London to Moscow, suggests forcefully that Germany's aggressive ambitions toward Soviet Russia must be forgotten by the Führer, at least for the present.

A profound change in the tactics of Germany's propaganda with respect to Russia is becoming increas-

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ingly evident. For years Hitler and Goebbels had emphasized the military strength of Russia, and cited the 'imminent danger' of Russian aggression as a pressing reason for Nazi rearmament. But as soon as Czecho-Slovakia, the one important strategic link between Russia and the Western Powers, had been vivisected and, later, definitely destroyed, German attacks on Communism and on Russia could rarely be found in official speeches and in the controlled press. The military power of Russia, it suddenly appeared, was to the Wilhelmstrasse no longer a factor in European policy, and British Tories were informed by Berlin, day after day, that Russia was no longer a great military Power because of the army 'purges,' that she was militarily unfit to be an ally of any major nation on the Continent, and that her forces were not to be compared to a Reichswehr that had covered itself with such glory in the capture of Vienna and Prague.

This cessation of anti-Soviet propaganda was not due to any desire to become friends with Russia. That propaganda ceased simply because, at last, the Nazis realized that a war with Russia would prove a hopeless adventure. Germany would doubtless have liked an alliance with Moscow, but it has become evident that Soviet Russia has no intention of supporting Nazi conquest abroad.

Russia has all the raw materials, foodstuffs and even the gold she needs. Although in certain circles talk of a German-Russian alliance has been heard, leading Nazis have also recognized, at last, that such a powerful nation as Soviet Russia will not risk all to the end of conquering foreign territories—for others. The Russians know full well that Nazism will always be insatiable because it doesn't conquer to colonize, as did classic imperialism, but to seize the wealth of the conquered countries. In contrast to the view of British Tories, the designers of Russian foreign policy realized in the early stages of the Nazi régime that any 'appeasement' of these forces was impossible, since it has been demonstrated that overtures to that régime's opponents are for the sole purpose of destroying them later: this is the essence of Nazism, as applied in internal as well as external affairs, since 1933.

Single-handed, Berlin was unable to fight any one of the three major Powers in 1933. Things have been since changed by German rearmament, by the neglect of the British to keep pace, and by the French muddled air policy for which the Blum Government was responsible. The hope of German imperialism since Bismarck, *i.e.*, to rid itself of the 'Nightmare of Coalitions,' became a reality for the first time when Czecho-Slovakia was sacrificed to 'peace in our time.' When Czecho-Slovakia—the only French ally in Central Europe willing to fight for the defense of France, rather than supinely call for Western protection in an hour of her own emergency—was left to the wolves, the strategical situation was entirely changed. Nazi propaganda now began to fulfill its new task of preventing any reconstruction of an Eastern alliance against her. Thus it had to change tactics overnight.

II

It goes without saying that German ambitions cannot tolerate a British-

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French-Russian alliance today. Any such alliance, despite the blunders of Western statesmanship, will prove far more efficient, militarily, than it ever did in the World War. It is not possible to analyze precisely to what degree Russia's military power has been weakened by the 'purges,' or to state unequivocally that the shooting of a large number of generals provoked a serious crisis in the leadership of the Russian Army. Nor do we know whether those executed generals were adequately replaced by younger strategists a long time before the 'purges' took place. But we may be sure that neither British Tory circles nor Hitler can answer this question. And what we do know as fact is that Russia, a country of 180 millions, possesses a larger contingent of trained soldiers than any country in the world, and that much of this man-power has had military training for twenty years. It should be remembered that compulsory service in Nazi Germany, not to mention in England and elsewhere on the Continent, was only introduced in recent times.

In the face of the foregoing, known realistically to Downing Street, the task was to explain to public opinion in Western Europe that Russia was not fit for allianceship (and for this alleged reason had been excluded at Munich). For some months after Munich, the average Englishman was made to believe that his Prime Minister's real success at Munich lay in the seeming fact that Britain had confined the direction of future German aggression to the East. By thus getting rid of Communism, and its German equivalent at the same time, Britain could return to her predominant rôle in Europe by reëstablishing the balance of power on the Continent. Or so Britain thought. . . .

When Hitler in his Wilhelmshaven speech this spring stated that he was ready to fight England any time, it was obvious even to the most enthusiastic apostles of 'appeasement' that Mr. Chamberlain's ingenious plan would not work. The good dog, who had been given the most succulent bone at Munich (so as to entice him to snatch at the Bolshevik's leg), suddenly shied away. He did not want to risk his hide for the sake of a proverbially perfidious Albion.

British Tories are still thinking in terms of classic imperialism, though things have been entirely changed by the modern methods of conquest, introduced into the European picture by the increasing number of Fascist dictators. Strategical and military facts, not ideology, are deciding the next moves, and this new method of conquest necessitates quick expansion in the direction of the line of weakest resistance. The Fascist conquerors do not want to fight question-marks, and Russia is a question-mark for the German people, as well as for Hitler.

III

To become master of Europe, there is no need for Hitler to fight a country of 180 millions, even though British Tories shouted at him that the 'purges' had made Russia defenseless and even though Goebbels, in his broadcasts, has spoken of the Red Army as a negligible quantity. There are weaker lines of resistance on the map of Europe, and the Nazis know where they are.

When Bohemia was kidnapped, the Carpatho-Ukraine was handed over

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to Hungary. Hitler thus blocked his own road to the Russian Ukraine, and London began to realize that the secret promise at Munich of an 'eastward push' was no more scriptural than other and more explicit pledges of the German Führer.

Moreover, in effect France had agreed at Munich to sacrifice her prestige in Central and Eastern Europe by cutting ties with the small nations, thus emasculating the Franco-Soviet Pact, always regarded as a burden in Downing Street. The chapter of the independent policy of the Quai d'Orsay was closed in Munich, and the strategical encirclement of France on her Italian and Spanish frontiers finished the job of making the Quai d'Orsay an obedient servant of its one remaining ally across the Channel.

Germany, Britain and Russia are the only three major Powers left in Europe and, as a German-Russian alliance evidently remains problematical, no more than two alternatives exist for post-Munich Europe. Nazi Germany can line up with Britain to fight Communism, or a British-Russian alliance, including France and the remnants of her old alliance system in central and eastern Europe, may prevent Nazi domination of the Continent. German-Italian coöperation may end, after all, when Germany's expansion is definitely blocked; already there are signs of restlessness and discontent in Rome. Berlin does not fight preponderant coalitions, and that is even truer of modern-day Italy.

Students of the Nazi policy from its beginning know that the idea of a war to 'liberate' the Russian peoples and to conquer Russian soil was advocated primarily by Alfred Rosenberg, the German-Russian aristocrat from the Baltic. Dr. Rosenberg has always been in close touch with Russian refugees in Europe who asked for foreign help everywhere, and who finally settled their hopes on Hitler and Rosenberg. Hitler approved Rosenberg's suggestion of making friends with the small nations in the East which were afraid of Communism—particularly Poland, Bulgaria and Rumania. He also found favor with Rosenberg's plans to destroy any French ally, in Germany's rear, which relied upon Russian help, primarily Czecho-Slovakia.

But if Hitler appreciated Rosenberg's concepts, it was because of his desire to isolate France, cited as Germany's 'immortal enemy' in his book, and not because he planned a crusade against Russia craved by Rosenberg and his Baltic friends. Non-aggression pacts with France's Eastern allies, like Poland, and trade agreements with Rumania and Yugoslavia had the main objective of alienating them from France. At the same time, the Nazis established a kind of safety cordon in Germany's rear, consisting of intimidated allies of France which were afraid of being exploited by their Western friends against Germany's growing power, and which were also useless for France's defense so long as they were on bad terms with Russia.

IV

All the success the Nazis have had in Central and Eastern Europe was nothing but an indispensable, economical and strategical preparation for a showdown in the West. War with

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Russia was, and is, in Germany just as unpopular a prospect as war with the Czechs would have proved. The average German scarcely knows the Czech people, and there never was any mass feeling of hatred in Germany against them.

You cannot change deeply-rooted sympathies and antipathies of a nation by decrees, and not even by the most efficient propaganda machine. There is little stomach among Germans for any war against the Slavic nations, including Russia—not even in the most fervent Nazi circles. The only exception to this may be a strong anti-Polish feeling. War with France, Germany's 'inherited' enemy, always was popular in Germany, and it never was more so than after the Versailles Treaty, and after the Nazis came into power. That is still true.

In spite of Tory sympathies for the man in Berchtesgaden, in spite of all the hopes of Alfred Rosenberg to induce Hitler to build a gigantic German empire on Russian soil, no one who has observed developments in Europe can doubt that the British dream of a German-Russian war was one of the most disastrous illusions in European history, or that the Western push was prepared by the Nazi régime from its inception.

The fact is obvious that Poland and Rumania can hardly be defended by Britain and France against Germany, as long as Russia is not bound to the Western Powers by a hard and fast military agreement. At the most, a British and French military alliance with Warsaw and Bucharest will give some support to those countries, but the latter will never be able nor altogether willing to take part in the defense of the Western democracies.

Russia, like the United States, is not interested in seeing the Western Powers overthrown by Fascism, but Russian foreign policy is confronted with military and strategical facts as they are in a post-Munich Europe. To be an active partner now in any 'stop-Hitler' bloc spells strategical difficulties and sacrifices for Russia that cannot be compared to the situation at the time when Czecho-Slovakia existed. Germany will push west. By her activity in Central and South-eastern Europe, she is merely continuing her preparations for a war in that end of Europe.

HOLY ALLIANCE

Der Angriff, Berlin

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Recent treaties have been more honored in the breach than in the observance — and not only by Hitler.

Twilight *of* Treaties

By Lamar Middleton

CHANCELLOR HITLER'S denunciation of two treaties in late April, the naval agreement with Britain and the non-aggression pact with Poland, provoked many righteous citizens throughout the world to conclude that this was another example of the Führer's cynical indifference to the rules of decent behavior. A glance at post-War treaties, however, will show that the German chief of state is, at least, well armed with precedent.

In the arch language of diplomacy, a treaty is customarily 'a solemnly ratified agreement between two or more nations or sovereigns.' The unpleasant fact is that in post-War society a treaty is a pledge designed to be broken advantageously. The exceptions to the rule are those various commercial agreements where self-interest compels observance.

Since the World War, the number of treaties 'solemnly ratified' comprises an appalling mass of literature, much of it tragic in its implications, but some of it comic. That is, droll in the sense that the adult intelligence can be brought to believe that nations will abide by legalistic abstractions.

In many provisions, people have come to learn, the Versailles Treaty was an impracticable document, but among its seeming compensations for a war-weary universe was a 'solemn' undertaking by the Allied and Associated Powers to disarm. The understanding is explicit in the Covenant prefacing Versailles that a disarmament conference was to be summoned immediately. Fourteen years later that conference was held at Geneva, and it opened on the day that Japanese planes were raining bombs on Shanghai. At that meeting, the Japanese delegation was not the least fulsome in expressions of peace and academic approval of disarmament. The head of that delegation, Saito, repeatedly observed that 'Japan has absolutely no territorial designs on China.' He was followed by Dr. Yen, the Chinese delegate, demanding the floor and waving sheafs of cables reporting the capture of more towns by the Japanese. The corridors of the

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League of Nations rarely echo with laughter, but this comedy act provoked a good deal of irreverent mirth.

Man's memory is short, and any such ancient document as the Briand-Kellogg Pact of 1928 has long since been forgotten by most of us. But it has the charm of any antique. This was an undertaking, eventually signed by sixty-two nations, 'solemnly condemning recourse to war for the solution of international controversies, and renouncing it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another.' It was even more specific: in Article II the signatories agreed that 'settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever origin shall never be sought except by pacific means.' The joker here, devised by Secretary of State Kellogg, was that the treaty does not 'restrict or impair in any way the right of self-defense.' Last year Hitler defended Germany from Austria and Czecho-Slovakia, and more recently Premier Mussolini has been protecting Italy from the scourge of Albania; Japan, of course, has been defending herself from China for a good many years.

An even more naïve agreement was that of Locarno. In that tranquil Swiss town, in October, 1925, seven nations met—for the first time since the war on an equal 'footing'—to preserve themselves from the 'scourge of war.' The nations were Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Poland, Belgium and Czecho-Slovakia. The seven treaties that resulted had the customary *décors* of 'peaceful settlement of all disputes,' but they went quite a bit further. Britain, France, Germany, Italy and Belgium signed mutual-guarantee agreements, and France signed two special guarantee treaties with Czecho-Slovakia and Poland. The one momentarily practical outcome of Locarno was a formal undertaking by Germany to maintain the Versailles demilitarization of the Rhineland—that is, west of a line drawn thirty miles east of the river. A decade passed and the Reichswehr was well entrenched in that region. Under that treaty, the signatories were pledged to boot the German troops inland, an ambitious undertaking that the several parties perhaps wisely ignored.

II

An even more illusory agreement was the Nine-Power Treaty, signed at Washington in 1922, among the United States, Britain, France, Italy, Portugal, The Netherlands, China and Japan. Its chief provision, apart from its naval limitations, was a guarantee of China's 'territorial integrity' and a decorous reiteration of the principle of the Open Door. The signatories undertook 'not to support any agreements by their respective nationals to create spheres of influence, or to provide for the enjoyment of mutually exclusive opportunities in designated parts of Chinese territory.' The foregoing is an excellent illustration of treaty abracadabra.

The naval limitation clauses of that treaty were ostensibly valid until 1936, in which year the signatories reconvened in London. The Japanese delegates withdrew, in pained surprise that Britain, the United States, France and Italy expected them to put some qualitative and quantitative restrictions on naval construction. Japan was even more pained when, last year, the British Government asked if she was constructing 40,000 and 45,000-

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ton battleships. When Tokyo responded that it had no data available to the British Government, the latter made use of the 'escalator clause' in the 1922 agreement, and was promptly followed by France and the United States. Italy long before had exceeded the tonnage and armament restrictions of that treaty. (Japan's courteous *apologia* was an argument that a new order was abroad in the world, and that she must protect herself against Chinese bandits in Manchuria.)

The genesis of the Little Entente (among Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania) lay in the desire of France to be in a position to threaten Germany in central Europe, if the need should arise. The Munich Agreement of last fall, in which France and Britain sanctioned the virtual annexation of Czecho-Slovakia, destroyed the effectiveness of the Little Entente alliances, insofar as their military assistance provisions were concerned.

An effective cure for insomnia is a reading of the Four-Power Pact signed at Rome in 1930. With great punctilio and, indeed, many irrelevant references to God and Divine Providence, the delegates of Britain, France, Germany and Italy soberly undertook to make no 'fundamental moves in Europe' without first consulting among themselves. The catch here was that no one could agree what constituted a fundamental move. The acquisition of Austria and Czecho-Slovakia is not fundamental in the view of Chancellor Hitler, and the annexations of Ethiopia and Albania are conveniently trivial to the Duce. The gentlemen who have sired present-day treaties are often given to such depths of subtlety that they forget that a treaty is presumably a contractual agreement, and not a game of words.

The Stresa agreements of 1935 were one of the last great love-feasts. On the island of Isola Bella, Britain, Germany, Italy and France disavowed any acquisitive interest in Austria, and agreed on the utility of drawing up an air pact to serve as a deterrent to unrestricted plane construction. That conference was summoned at a time when Britain and France were in a jittery mood over Chancellor Hitler's proclamation of conscription—in violation of Versailles. The conference was not a spectacular success, and a British communiqué at its close went so far as to confess that London's delegates 'regretfully recognize that the method of unilateral repudiation adopted by the German Government . . . has undermined public confidence in the security of a peaceful order.'

Despite the sorry history of most post-War treaties, there are in fact certain agreements that are faithfully observed. The League of Nations, for example, succeeded in imposing sanctions on Italy that deprived the Peninsula, during the annexation of Ethiopia, of various cheeses and brands of chocolate-drops; its sanctions committee was unable to do anything about oil, coal, iron, cotton and other vital war materials. Again, the United States and Japan have a cordial understanding dealing with bird-manure on scattered Pacific islands; France and Italy are thoroughly *en rapport* with respect to the importation of silk-worm eggs, and Poland and Sweden faithfully abide by their mutual promises to warn each other of 'nationals of unsound mind.' The guarantee of peace by treaty is evidently of far less importance than these.

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Another line of impregnable fortifications has risen beyond the Rhine.

Wall *in the* West

By EMMANUEL D'ASTIER

Translated from *Marianne*
Paris Liberal Weekly

IN APRIL, 1936, one month after the reoccupation of the Rhineland, Hitler, after many conferences with Göring and high officials of the Reichswehr, formulated his first plans for the fortification of German frontiers. It was an enormous task, since Germany has more than 3,000 miles of boundaries and coastline; the problem of protecting the most vulnerable spots had occupied the mind of the General Staff for a long time. Finally, a system of fortifications was devised covering a stretch of 1,800 miles and divided into four sectors:

1. The northern sector, including the defense of the German-Danish frontiers, the North Sea coast (Heligoland-Borkum) and a thirty-mile zone north and south of the Kiel Canal.

2. The eastern sector, covering the German-Polish frontier on one side and a part of the frontier of East Prussia, on the other.

3. The southwestern sector, which was to defend the Czech frontier between the Erzgebirge and the Danube.

4. The western sector, extending from Limbourg to Lake Constance.

The Austrian frontier was left undefended, the German chiefs already envisaging Austria's annexation. And even today, Germany's frontier with Italy has not been fortified.

The tempo of work was slow until May, 1938, when Hitler, who had rightly foreseen that year as a critical one, gave orders to hurry the western fortifications. Doctor Fritz Todt, known as the creator of the network of German autostradas, was appointed as director of construction. The line of fortifications that we call the Siegfried Line, and that many Germans call simply the 'Western Wall,' bears in fact the name of the Todt Line—with a certain degree of grim appropriateness.

In September, the Siegfried Line was one of the best cards in Hitler's hand, and with it he bluffed the overcredulous democracies into surrender at Munich. But the figures which were quoted then by the Führer gave an erroneous impression of the Siegfried Line's degree of completion. For in

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September the Siegfried fortifications were far from finished. The democracies' acceptance of Hitler's word not only delivered the Czech fortifications into the hands of the Germans, but gave them time to complete the construction of their western frontier.

In October and November, the activities on the banks of the Saar and Sauer rivers were astonishing. If on the roads and in the valleys nothing could be seen except the construction of wooden palisades behind which rose the steady hum of innumerable factories, with the aid of field-glasses an interested observer could look across the palisades from a hill on the French side and see unrolling before him the whole vast panorama of the fortification works. Gangs of laborers worked in relays day and night, and after dark the factories were brilliantly lighted. In December, however, there was a perceptible slowing of the work, due to two reasons: dearth of specialized workers in the war industries, which felt that the workers could be better employed in the interior than setting up barbed-wire fences on the frontiers; and a shortage of construction material and transit facilities. Some of the factories were abandoned for lack of lumber, cement and other building materials.

In February I decided to push my exploration of Siegfried Line a little further. My information about the famous 'wall,' not too familiar even to the French General Staff, amounted to this:

1. I knew that the first line of fortifications begins a little to the south at the point where the Rhine meets the frontier of The Netherlands. It follows the Dutch and Belgian frontiers at a distance of about eight miles from the banks of Our, Sauer and Moselle, swerves from the Luxemburg frontier, extends along the banks of the Saar, rejoins the French frontier at Völklingen, whose contours it follows as far as the Rhine, then follows that stream along Alsace and later along the Swiss frontier until it reaches Lake Constance. This first line of fortifications is framed by a network of barbed wire, and of anti-tank barriers. It is made up of a close row of *tochkas*, self-sufficient as far as the provisioning of water, food and munitions is concerned.

2. This first line is followed at a distance varying from six to eighteen miles by a series of block-forts built in conformity with the nature of the terrain, and surrounded by natural obstacles. Each has a zone or a sector to defend—such as the massive fortress of Hunsrück and the Kaiserstuhl fortification.

3. There is a line of anti-aircraft defense, six to twelve miles in depth.

4. The last line is that of the major fortifications behind the Rhine, between Mainz and Mannheim.

II

The first day of my expedition proved an auspicious one, with the sun shining brightly.

I reached the Echternach Bridge and crossed into Germany. Once on the other side, I set out on a winding little road leading toward the defenses, which I had located previously from my point of observation on French territory. It was Sunday; the factories were for the most part deserted, and the surveillance of the roads had somewhat relaxed. I left my car and profited by the apparent ab-

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sence of guards on the road to explore a little wood on the side of the hill, under whose cover were hidden important defense works. I found an entry, camouflaged in green and brown, into a subterranean passage that seemed to wind through the earth like the tunnel of a mole. And nearby was a mysterious villa, new in appearance, whose innocent exterior could deceive a layman but whose windows and loopholes served as embrasures for artillery of every caliber.

Curiosity almost proved my undoing. I did not look back, and before I knew it a Storm Trooper had accosted me—however, not before I (with an astonishing presence of mind) had taken up the one position that would definitely attest the innocence of my intentions. Even so, I had a bad half hour before I convinced him that I was merely an inquisitive tourist, exploring the grounds of a villa whose architecture was enchanting.

My next stop was in Trèves. By chance I parked the car near a building that bore the imposing name of *Erbgesundheitsgericht*—the court of appeal whose special function is to decide whether German citizens ought to be sterilized.

The whole city was wearing gray, green, brown or black uniforms. In the streets men fell into groups of five or ten, evidence of the inherent gregariousness of the German, who can never be idle alone. Looking at them I recalled the theatrical illusion of the Nazi Party Congress at Nuremberg. There all the men had seemed tall, handsome and well-built, veritable blond Aryan Gods. Here one was more conscious of small statures, poor uniforms that shouted *Ersatz*, narrow shoulders and beefy necks.

I decided to explore the vicinity of Trèves and particularly the route from Trèves to Wasserbillig, which crosses to the first Siegfried Line and gives one a fairly good insight into the defensive system. But I soon found that this sector was well guarded. The Storm Troopers, and the policing officers of the *Reichs-Arbeits-Dienst* were so numerous that one had a feeling of moving through an ever-tightening net. They used all possible means of locomotion. Once, when I pretended that my car had a breakdown on a more or less isolated road, I heard a humming warning above, and saw an airplane circling very low. Its wings bore the letters P. O. L., the insignia of the air police charged with supervising the roads and chasing away airplanes that might stray into the forbidden region above the Line.

III

I stopped at Igel for a while and had a drink with the proprietor of a tavern there, who used to live in France. Under the glow of his Parisian memories, he was able to give me some interesting information about the 'Western Wall.' Business in Igel was good because three-fourths of the workers' pay went to him. The region had been ravaged by a grippe epidemic so violent that it had stopped work for a month. Small as the village was, it had seen, passing through its streets, natives of all the German provinces, and was then expecting a convoy of Austrian and Sudeten Germans.

'At first,' he said, lowering his voice, 'the boys used to go over to Luxemburg for a good time. But it always ended in fighting because our

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neighbors don't like us very much.'

At that point the conversation died away as two S. A. men entered.

Returning to Trèves, I stopped at the house of some friends, whom I knew to be opposed to the Nazi régime. I heard from them that periodical strikes were constantly flaring up among the workers on the Siegfried Line. At one time, 120 men were taken to a concentration camp at Borgemoor on the Dutch frontier.

Together with my friend, I made a brief trip through the Hunsrück, where stands a fortification that the Germans consider as one of the masterpieces of the Siegfried system. Between Trèves and Sarreburg I encountered a fleet of official black cars ornamented with pennants. They belonged to German dignitaries who were making an inspection of the fortifications. The famous Dr. Todt, however, was not among them. It was whispered that he was then in Italy, giving lessons in fortification building to the partner on the other end of the Axis.

In Sarreburg, the mountains that dominate the city are dotted on the crests as well as along the slopes with square structures made of reinforced concrete, with loopholes for machine-guns and small calibre rifles. A few domes like those that one can see on the Maginot Line, which house artillery of larger caliber, are there too. In this region, the work has not yet been finished. It is going on at a steady pace, as witnessed by the erection of numerous steel frames and the constant noise of pneumatic drills. In Ayl, we saw six little fortifications camouflaged by the vineyards. In Irsch we passed through a whole settlement of wooden barracks where the workers are housed. Rows of red buses of the Reichspost are stationed there. Day and night they are making journeys, between the barracks and the different regions where work is underway.

We drove northwest of Trèves to explore the road that runs through the valley of Ruwer skirting the powerful Hunsrück fortifications. In this section innumerable signs forbid travellers to turn off at crossroads, which are guarded by Storm Troopers on foot and on bicycles. A further precaution is the presence of movable iron barriers which can close off a road when necessary.

Niederzeff was reached by a new strategic road which does not appear on the map. We entered a café and tried to take part in the conversation. A worker from the fortifications, who had obviously had too much to drink, was telling the company that he had just come from Regensburg and had a day's leave coming to him.

'It's bearable,' he remarked, among other things, 'but the rations are a little short for men working as much as twelve hours at a stretch. . . .'

On hearing this, a man in mufti, who had been sitting quietly in the corner, arose, grabbed the worker by the collar, and threw him out of the café, growling something to the effect that 'drunkards should not be admitted into the glorious defense service. . . .'

Later, my Trèves friend gave me some official figures of daily rations: 750 grams of bread; for breakfast, 30 grams of artificial butter or 125 grams of marmalade; for lunch, 150 grams of meat, 800 grams of potatoes, 200 grams of vegetables and 10 to 15 grams of lard; in the evening, 30

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grams of *Ersatz*-butter, 100–125 grams of sausage, cheese, or dried fish. But the workers complain that they really get much less than the amount specified.

IV

Nothing is more monotonous than existence in these fortified zones. After a while, one begins to feel as if one had suddenly been transported into a lunar landscape, with men filling its holes with steel and concrete. As for the men themselves, their depression and mechanical behavior are striking. Deprived of their families, their homes, their friends and all the little joys of civilization, always watched by their superiors, worked to such a point that they can no longer think, they find some surcease Sundays by going to the cities where they stay together in flocks, look at the windows and at the women, and drink. They hardly exchange a word and look like trapped animals.

At this price Germans had realized in eighteen to twenty-four months (because the Line will not be finished until next autumn or winter) what it took the French six or seven years to do. Their 'Western Wall' does not resemble the Maginot Line. The latter is a unit, a strong subterranean city that extends from end to end of the Franco-German frontier. The former is rather scattered defensive constructions dependent upon geographical and geological features of the territory. The first barrier is built largely around natural obstacles. Mountains, hills and woods are the bases for the overlying fortifications. The greater the natural obstacle, the less elaborate are fortifications. Thus, along the Rhine there is only one double line of little concrete casemates about 50 to 100 meters apart, and connected by trenches. Behind this first line are the great fortifications. The three main ones are Hunsrück, whose center is at Hermeskeil, and which protects Coblenz and Mainz; fortifications built on the mountainous region of the Palatinate behind Saarbrücken, between Pirmasens and Kaiserslautern and, finally, the fortification of Kaiserstuhl, the masterpiece of the whole system between Kehl and the Swiss frontier.

The question of provisioning of water, munitions and electricity seems to have been solved, and the present network of roads designed to serve these zones is a great improvement on the railroad system that was adjudged inadequate last September. The aforementioned zone of the air defense (*Luftsperrgebiet*) includes well-spaced anti-aircraft batteries, strengthened by powerful projectors.

The more important sectors command, too, a fleet of blimps and the notorious 'aerial mines,' nets of steel cables held in the air by means of balloons. This zone is dotted with subterranean refuges for the personnel. Apart from this, there is an elaborate network of radio and telephone communications. There are subterranean fields for pursuit-planes, best known among which are the underground hangars of Etzenhofen, near Völklingen and of Jettseten near the German-Swiss frontier.

And so the two greatest fortification systems in the world are facing each other, expressing the state of mutual distrust and fear that exists between Germany and France. Perhaps their presence will result in a gigantic stalemate.

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An unconventional and delightful story about Frau Lukor's fourth husband.

Frau Lukor's 'At Home'

By PENISTAN CHAPMAN

From the *Fortnightly*
London Independent Monthly

EVERYTHING was of the best at Frau Lukor's. At the large and gloomy old house in the Friedhofstrasse she lived in fine and elegant style. She had been married first to a wealthy Armenian rug merchant. All the carpets in the house were of incredible pile. Upon his demise she had married a Frenchman, an art connoisseur and editor of a Parisian art journal. His taste was responsible for the porcelain fans and engraved snuff boxes and figures of fine, wrought gold wire which hung about the house in cases and filled drawers and were occasionally found on the Armenian's deep-piled carpets.

Her third husband had been a German, of stock as pure as herself. He had been a professor of anthropology, a very *rein* and learned man. He had bequeathed her a magnificent library, the house in which she lived, and a large sum of money. She had three sons, one by each husband. They spoke beautiful German, beautiful English, played Beethoven divinely—and ate.

Miss Harris came to tea. She was in Germany learning the language for some course or degree or other. She was about twenty and pretty in a shy, delicate sort of way.

Unfortunately, almost as soon as she had been shown into the *Diele*, Doctor Ginzauer was announced.

Now Dr. Ginzauer was Frau Lukor's suitor. What he was a doctor of nobody knew; and when I tried to find out, he didn't even seem to know himself. Although he moaned for the days of golden opportunity before the War, he seemed to do well enough on sacrifice; he helped his brother run a boot and shoe factory and frequently plotted long tours abroad which he would have taken had not the currency difficulty prevented him.

When he came to visit her, Frau Lukor adopted a most extraordinary procedure. Although she received him in the drawing-room, she did not dress for it; or rather she did, putting on an ancient, decayed garment that ill became her, quite unlike her usual

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gaudy clothes. Tea was served in the dining-room as usual; but what a tea, stale *Brötchen*, black bread, black coffee. No *Kuchen*. No cream. No jams. No slices of sausage smuggled on to the table to enable one to keep one's strength together until *Abendessen*. No flowers. The maids were off, so Frau Lukor herself prepared *Kaffee*. And it was on Wednesdays, the day of the doctor's visit from his distant suburb, that one noticed the dust thick on the tapestries and the cacti crying out for water. . . .

But in spite of this regularly presented portrait of herself moving in dire poverty through the inherited luxury of her home, the Doctor was a most faithful and ardent suitor. He had pressed his suit for years without result. But only on Wednesdays was he received; for only once a week could she afford to entertain, Frau Lukor had explained to him. Judge then, under these circumstances, of Frau Lukor's and my horror when on a *Thursday*, when we were entertaining Miss Harris, a new and uninstructed maid announced the Doctor!

Frau Lukor's round, jovial face, with the long earrings smacking her cheeks, grew white as modeling-wax. '*Du lieber Gott!*' she murmured, and threw up her hands to the heavens in exasperation and despair.

The Doctor came in. He was stout, with black hair and when he smiled his eyes quite vanished into fleshy caverns in his head. He came in smiling, his hands outstretched. With commendable cordiality Frau Lukor received him. Then presented Miss Harris.

But the Doctor was looking around the room. The tapestries were dusted, the cacti watered. There were orchids on the table, fashion magazines in the rack. His black eyes swung to his hostess. She wore a frock of red silk, striped with yellow and a purple bow, and aquamarine earrings.

'Dear August, have you time to stay for tea?' she said. 'Or must you go?'

'Thank you, Lisa, I should be delighted to stay to tea. Thank you.'

We went into the dining-room.

There were dishes of apple, plum, black-currant *Kuchen*. With cream. Fresh *Brötchen*. Slices of sausage. Indian tea. China tea. Black or white coffee. Fruit.

We sat down to tea.

'Miss Harris is my new paying guest,' said Frau Lukor. 'She came only today. She is the daughter of a very old English family. Very old indeed. Harris Hotspurs. Very old family. Very famous for games, too, are they not? Yes, yes. The Hotspurs are a word international. They own much land, a large playing-field in London.'

Miss Harris raised her blue eyes from the apple *Kuchen*. I caught her a terrific kick on the shin that made her wince. But she caught my meaning too.

'Indeed, indeed,' said the Doctor respectfully. He contemplated Miss Harris for several seconds. Then he passed her the plum *Kuchen* and cream.

Just then a flood of the Appassionata rang through the house, and we knew Fritz had returned from the University. 'Fritz, Fritz,' called his mother, and Fritz came in. He was very tall and fair, and when he saw Miss Harris, he blushed crimson. Miss Harris blushed too, staining her pale face red as old Bordeaux. Nobody but I seemed to notice anything, and

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they mumbled some sort of introduction, and Fritz sat down.

Scarcely had he begun his meal, when the house was raked by the Fifth. 'Cherif, Cherif,' called Frau Lukor, and Cherif, small and dark, the Armenian son of his father, came in. He, too, was introduced, and began his tea. Then we heard the Moonlight Sonata flow through the air like water, and in response to his mother's call, Henri came in.

The three young men made a hearty meal, then we adjourned to the drawing-room. Dr. Ginzauer, by this time, was almost visibly bursting to tell Frau Lukor his news.

'My dear Lisa,' he said, 'If I might have a moment, a moment with you alone, in which to tell you. . . . '

'But dear August,' said Frau Lukor, with the most magnificent assumption of frank and kindly bonhomie that I have ever seen, 'But dear August, we have no secrets from one another here! Surely anything you have to say to me can be said before my family circle whom you know well. My sons, Penistan, and also Miss Harris.'

Dr. Ginzauer shuffled to the edge of his chair and looked around him at the three sons lounging in three chairs, at myself by the window, Miss Harris prim in a little chair, and Frau Lukor herself, rich and billowy on the settee.

II

And then in a flash I knew what she was doing. She, too, had seen his agitation, knew that he was bursting to tell her something. And she knew, or could guess, something of what it was. Some further inducement to marry; some good news, some unexpected turn of fortune which he thought would attract her. And she saw here a splendid way of getting rid of him for good: for if he could bring himself to put his new proposal before her in front of the family she could formally refuse him—and, quite legitimately, end the acquaintance there and then.

So Frau Lukor moved comfortably on the settee, and smiled at him, while the Doctor shuffled more and more to the edge of his chair, till I thought he would finish on the floor. And the rest of us stared at him solemnly, waiting for him to begin.

'Dearest Lisa,' he said, 'You know I have for a long time. . . . And have so often asked you to . . . but you have always refused. But now. . . . Dearest Lisa, I have been appointed by the Führer member of a Commission to go to England to a Conference on Raw Materials. Dearest Lisa, you have no idea . . . the prestige, the honor . . . the opportunity to serve the Fatherland . . . Dearest Lisa, will you not share it with me?'

He gasped, like a fish drowning in air, and was still. Frau Lukor's three sons sat immovable, looking at him. Dr. Ginzauer, seeing them, shut his eyes, as if he saw the shades of the three departed husbands behind them too. Only Frau Lukor was at ease, amiable, smiling. Everything had turned out just as she thought.

'Dear August,' she said. 'I am charmed, honored . . . *ausgezeichnet.* But I am afraid I cannot accept. I have my duty to my family. I am afraid. . . . I am not fitted to be the wife of so distinguished a man.'

'But Henri and Cherif are working,' said the Doctor, even, yes, even willing before us all, to beg. 'And I could give you much that you now lack.'

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He indicated the room vaguely, seeing it not as it was now, but as he had seen it on Wednesdays, for a succession of years.

'That would not be necessary now, dear August,' said Lisa. 'You forget I have Miss Harris, my new paying guest.'

Fritz suddenly shot up in his chair. 'What's that about Miss Harris?' he said. 'Our new paying guest? Here?'

'But, of course, Fritz,' lied Frau Lukor calmly. 'You knew that.'

'I certainly did not. Why, it's impossible.'

'And why?'

'Because. . . . because. . . .' And then his handsome blond face reddened and the words came out in a thick cascade. 'Because Miss Harris and I are going to be married.'

'What!' almost shrieked Frau Lukor.

'We met at Rumanian Literature. We couldn't help it, we fell in love. I was going to bring her home soon, anyway. And I'm not going to finish my degree. I've got a job in a publishing house. I . . . '

We suddenly realized that somebody was laughing. It was Dr. Ginzauer. He was laughing fit to kill himself, till he nearly shook himself out of his chair.

'So you see, my dear Lisa,' he said, 'The last of your family departs. Now you have no ties whatever. No, indeed. Nothing whatever to keep you here at home.'

Then a curious little knot formed itself between his eyes. 'But if Miss Harris is not a paying guest, as Fritz said, then. . . .' His eyes raked the room again, raked back over that scrumptious tea, finished at last on the lavishly dressed Frau Lukor and her aquamarine earrings. And then, like a burst of lightning, it flashed upon him. 'You lied to me, madam,' he said.

'I'm afraid I did,' said Frau Lukor.

'You lied to me,' said the Doctor. He trembled with sudden indignation and rage. 'You are not a poor woman. You are a wealthy one. That is so, is it not? Is not that the truth? You are a wealthy woman, and you have all these years deceived me into thinking you poor?'

'That is so,' said Frau Lukor calmly.

The Doctor rose, outraged passion written all over his face.

'Very well. Under these circumstances, and before these witnesses, I formally withdraw my proposal of marriage.'

There was a rustle in the room as if a woman in a silk skirt had walked in. Frau Lukor, her round face quite expressionless, shrugged her shoulders.

'Dear August, don't carry on so. I hate to see you upset. I'm sorry I deceived you. I apologize.'

'I accept. You did it for your own reasons, which I do not know. But your deceit is not, of course, the reason why I withdraw my proposal.' He stopped. 'Indeed, no. I withdraw my proposal because I could under no circumstances contemplate taking a wealthy woman as my wife.'

The rustling stopped, and we all stared at him, including Frau Lukor. Her gray eyes had turned almost the color of her aquamarines and were popping out of her head.

The Doctor bowed smartly to us each in turn, marched with dignity to the door, and out.

III

Instantly the room was in a pandemonium. Everybody talking at once,

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though what we were all saying, heaven only knows.

But above the clamor I heard Frau Lukor's voice. She was sitting on the settee having hysterics, screaming and kicking her legs.

'See what you have done now! Fritz and Miss Harris, you have ruined everything. Through you I have offended Doctor Ginzauer and he has gone away. He will never visit me and propose again. And I might have been going to England soon on a Commission for Raw Materials. Oh, what an honor! . . . What a distinction. . . . What an opportunity for serving the Fatherland! Oh, August, August,' she moaned. 'Dear August! You have gone away forever. Oh, come back again, come back.'

'But Frau Lukor,' I cried, 'You have for years schemed to get rid of the Doctor. You have never, never intended to marry him!'

She left off shaking her fists at Fritz and Miss Harris and turned on me.

'Oh, you writers,' she said, 'Oh, you writers. You think that everything is static. You think nothing changes. You do not understand the human heart, and that when it is overwhelmed with understanding, love is born. You are like fishes all the time. . . .'

And then I realized that she was trying to tell me that when the Doctor had shown such unexpected spirit in declining to marry a woman wealthier than himself, then Frau Lukor had seen unexpected regions, unfamiliar character and possibilities in a familiar thing, and had, and had. . . .

'Go after him, go after him,' she cried, waving her hands at us, and I ran from the house, as I was, into the street.

At the end of the street Dr. Ginzauer stood waiting for a tram. The tram was passing the house too, as I came out. I had to run like a hare to beat it to the stop.

'Dr. Ginzauer,' I said, 'Dr. Ginzauer,' clutching his arm and by force dragging him out of the crowd. 'Frau Lukor says, will you come to tea as usual, next week, on Wednesday. . . . And Dr. Ginzauer,' I said, 'You know she can't help it. I mean, being rich. Money's like a stammer; not particular where it comes. And she has the boys to think of, you know. And now Fritz is going to marry. . . .'

'That is so, dear child,' said the Doctor, 'I shall think of many such things when I am calmer. I realize I spoke very hastily and unkindly to Lisa. I will apologize to her. I am sorry for it. For although her being a wealthy woman makes things very difficult for me, is it not touching, dear Penistan, to think that for years she has practiced this ruse of poverty, seeking to retain my affections by these means?'

'Most noble, overwhelming, touching,' I murmured faintly.

'Tell Frau Lukor, most certainly I will come on Wednesday. And in the meantime—tell me, Penistan, a good book to read on London. I shall have so much to see when I go on the Commission. Buckingham Palace and Mr. Anthony Eden, yes, yes, and the field of Harris Hotspur. And if Lisa comes too I must be able. . . . Do you think she would like to see these things too?'

'She'd adore them all,' I said, 'Especially the field of Harris Hotspur. But here's your tram. *Aufwiederseh'n* till Wednesday!'

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Persons and Personages

The Forgotten Man of Europe

By Hans Schmidt

Translated from *Paris-Soir*, Paris Liberal Daily

FOR a year, ex-Chancellor Kurt von Schuschnigg has been imprisoned in a Viennese hotel. No one has come near him. No official news of his welfare has penetrated the walls of his prison. Only one communiqué from German authorities has been published during this year of detention. It read: 'Schuschnigg still lives. Chancellor Hitler has announced before the Reichstag that he has granted him his life. The Führer deems it just, in order that Schuschnigg should not become a victim of a judicial error, to begin an investigation of his activities while in office.'

After that, complete silence.

But well guarded as he is, we have been able to learn some of the details of the physical and moral martyrdom that has now brought the unfortunate ex-Chancellor to the brink of insanity. As is known, directly after the *Anschluss*, Schuschnigg was kept a few days in his Belvedere villa. At the outset, even the most fanatical Nazis were impressed by Schuschnigg's refusal to flee from Vienna by plane, as the German legions marched into Austria. He had courageously determined to share his country's fate. Accordingly, there were short-lived hopes that Schuschnigg's villa would enjoy some degree of extraterritoriality. Obviously, during these first few days, the Nazis were uncertain about what to do with Schuschnigg—whether to keep him under guard in his home, or to send him to a concentration camp.

Meanwhile, all the documents found in Schuschnigg's apartment, his private as well as his public letters, were seized and sent to the Gestapo's Austrian headquarters at the Hotel Metropole, where they were sorted with great care. The Nazis hoped that among these documents would be found papers compromising him: documents, for example, indicating that he had misappropriated State funds while in office. In this, the investigators were disappointed.

Indeed, Chancellor Schuschnigg had lived an almost ascetic life. His personal expenses were found to have been minimal, and it was found that for three months he had not even drawn his salary as a Chancellor. The only charge that they could bring against him was that he had ordered the release of Prince Starhemberg's bank account, which at one time had been attached by the State. There was, however, an explana-

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tion for this move. Prince Starhemberg, who had founded the Heimwehr Army, and supported it for years, had placed it at Schuschnigg's disposal on condition that he be paid by the State for the extensive sums he had advanced. This seemed insufficient to warrant Schuschnigg's indictment for embezzlement of State funds.

In the course of the Gestapo inquiry, the investigators came across additional political and personal papers, his correspondence with the Duce, as well as with foreign officials of other Western Powers. It was then that Schuschnigg's calvary began. One morning he was taken to Gestapo headquarters to explain certain passages in some of the letters. Schuschnigg left the Belvedere without taking anything except the suit he was wearing. He expected to be brought back after a brief questioning. But he never came back to the Belvedere.

Schuschnigg's prison consists of a suite of three rooms on the second floor of the Hotel Metropole. Actually, he has to himself only the bedroom, with its adjoining bathroom. The little drawing-room serves as a sort of guard-house, and is occupied day and night by Storm Troopers. The third room is an office, where his daily catechism is held. It is in that room that Schuschnigg, once the master of a great country, now sits for hours, subjected to a cross-fire of questioning. His questioners are changed. Sometimes a reporter from the Foreign Office harasses him about his correspondence with the Duce; sometimes an examining magistrate questions him about the details of the execution of Planetta, the murderer of Dollfuss; on other occasions a member of the Gestapo wants to know the identity of the person who informed the outside world of his Berchtesgaden interview with Hitler. All this takes place in one day, and no matter how late the hour, there are always four or five more waiting to torture the ex-Chancellor with questions. The number of documents placed before him is appalling, and Schuschnigg must go through all of them, for he is required to account for the smallest event which took place during the last four years. The investigation was launched months ago, and his 'third degree' will doubtless continue for months more, unless he collapses.

Schuschnigg's life in the Hotel Metropole is subject to German prison discipline. Though an inveterate smoker, he has not been allowed one cigarette since his arrest. Yet, during the questioning, which at times endures until the small hours of the morning, he is compelled to watch his persecutors smoking incessantly. German prison rules forbid the prisoner to ask his guards what is happening outside the walls. From the day Schuschnigg went to the Hotel Metropole, he was hermetically sealed from political life anywhere. He cannot learn anything save through chance remarks of his jailers. But the chief cause of Schuschnigg's suffering has been that he knew nothing of the fate of his fourteen-year-

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old son, his aged father, an ex-general, his brother, and the woman whom he expected to marry.

It is hard to believe, and yet it is true, that all that time that the unfortunate ex-Chancellor was spending sleepless nights, wondering over the fate of the Countess Vera Czernine, and begging his torturers for news of his betrothed and his son—at that very time, the Countess Czernine was already his wife. A few months before the *Anschluss*, Schuschnigg had asked the ecclesiastic authorities for permission to marry the Countess Vera, who had been separated from her husband, Baron Fugger. The Catholic Church does not allow remarriage, save in exceptional cases, and authorization from the Holy See had not arrived in Vienna before the *Anschluss*. During the first days of his imprisonment in Belvedere, when he was not yet completely isolated, Schuschnigg obtained permission to have Dr. Hollnsteiner, his friend and confessor for many years, come and visit him. Empowered to act for the ex-Chancellor, Hollnsteiner made pressing demands upon the Holy See. The permission finally arrived at the time when Schuschnigg was detained at the Hotel Metropole, and of course he has not been allowed to leave on any pretext.

Hollnsteiner, making use of the powers given to him by Schuschnigg, was able to marry him to Countess Czernine by proxy, an entirely legal procedure. His brother Arthur took the place of the groom in the ceremony. At the time when Schuschnigg was suffering mental tortures because he was not able to marry Countess Czernine and so provide a mother for his orphan son, he was unknowingly already married to her. Why didn't the officials of the Gestapo inform the ex-Chancellor of that fact? It was not mere sadism. They had a good pretext not to disclose the marriage. They believed that Schuschnigg was kept from collapse only by the hope that if he would 'confess' and answer all questions docilely, he would eventually be permitted to marry. It was feared, too, that his nerves, already greatly strained, would completely give way before the shock.

That is precisely what happened. A little before Christmas, Countess Vera, who has borne for more than a month the name of Mme. von Schuschnigg, was allowed to visit her husband before witnesses. A dramatic scene took place on the second floor of the hotel. Schuschnigg learned that his father had died, that his son was in Karlsbad in a Jesuit College, and that his brother, who had taken his place during the marriage ceremony, was in a concentration camp.

Officials who were present at the interview had received instructions to forbid the Countess to talk with her husband about anything except family matters. But Schuschnigg, on seeing a human being, other than his torturers after nine months of isolation, could not repress the ques-

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tion, 'What is going on in the world of the living?' Immediately, the Gestapo intervened to forbid Mme. von Schuschnigg to answer.

It was then that the tragic scene took place, whose only witnesses were the wife of the ex-Chancellor and his guards, but reports of which were somehow carried beyond the walls to the whole world. It was whispered that Schuschnigg had gone mad. Indeed, at that moment he behaved himself in such a manner that not only his wife but also the Gestapo men were certain that Schuschnigg had taken leave of his senses. A famous Viennese alienist was brought to the hotel and at last succeeded in calming down the tortured man.

Schuschnigg has not yet recovered from this breakdown. He had to remain in bed for months, and today is so weak that he must use crutches to go to the 'office' where he is questioned. Officially, his state is attributed to a nervous indigestion. The truth is that his nerves are completely gone and his stomach can no longer accept food; he is in a pitiful state of emaciation, and his blond hair has turned completely white. If his present state continues, he is irremediably lost.

What fate awaits him? It is certain that the trial for treason against his country, originally envisaged, is out of question. It has been dropped upon Mussolini's express demand, inasmuch as it would have been impossible to keep reference to the Duce's actions out of the proceedings. But why does not Hitler give liberty to a man, against whom he cannot even bring charges? Or, at least, why not let him live in peace, under strict surveillance, somewhere in the country with his wife and his son, for the days remaining to him? The answer is simple. Germany still needs Schuschnigg. Extraordinary as it may seem, during the year of his imprisonment, the ex-Chancellor of Austria has been of considerable use to the Reich. If Schuschnigg were not a prisoner in the Hotel Metropole, that crucial conversation last March between Hitler and Hacha, the ex-President of Czecho-Slovakia, would have taken a different turn. For the fate of Schuschnigg was a forceful argument in forcing Hacha to bow down to the Führer's will.

'Beak and Claws'

By Sillei Rezsö

Adapted from *Pesti Naplo*, Budapest Liberal Daily

JOZEF BECK, Poland's strong man, is tall and lean, with somewhat dissipated features dominated by a long nose. What there is left of his hair is black. His fellow-countrymen have a name for him—'Beak and Claws.'

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'Beak,' of course, refers to his hawk-like nose and not to his name which is of German origin, for his family migrated from Germany to Poland hundreds of years ago. In his veins there flows some Jewish blood. 'Claws' is a tribute to the tenacious, talon-like grip he has on Europe's political problems.

Jozef Beck, who, like his adversary, Hitler, rose from the ranks and at one time proudly sported the corporal's chevrons of the Austrian Army, is a prime favorite of the cartoonists. While at Geneva, the newspaper corps referred to the lanky, thin-chested Pole as 'Little Joe.' And, while he is far from the popular conception of a democrat, and fearful of assassination, he is well-liked in most quarters. He seldom smiles, but when he does his expression is one of warmth and friendliness; and when he talks his voice is deep and ringing, like a bell.

There are many stories concerning Beck's brusqueness and his severity toward those under him, and about his legendary disinclination to study official documents and of his ability to be well-informed just the same.

Jozef Beck and his wife and son live in a wing of Bruhl Castle, the headquarters of the Polish Foreign Ministry. Charming Madame Jadwiga Beck is a talented hostess and sets the fashion for Warsaw's society. Because she was a divorcee, however, she has aroused much displeasure among the stricter circles in the capital. This was further heightened last year when Pope Pius XI refused to receive the couple when they visited Rome.

Today the eyes of the world are focused on Beck. As the Polish Foreign Minister he visited London in April to forge, with Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain and Lord Halifax, the framework of an alliance to 'stop Hitler,' designed to give peace to the world and security to those European States still left in Central Europe by the 'appeasers.' This tended to allay the fears of some Polish patriots that Beck, because of his previous indulgence toward Hitler, was in reality pro-German. Up until the final grab of Czecho-Slovakia, Beck had said or done nothing that made it look otherwise. It is well known that he has an intense hatred for the French, and as to the Russians, he is rabid against all that they stand for.

Beck's hatred for France goes back to the time when he was Military Attaché in Paris in 1922. There he was very badly treated and the French press was extremely hostile both toward him and toward Poland. As a representative of France's allies, Beck was snubbed by Paul-Boncour, who refused to greet him at the railway station, sending a substitute in his stead. Later, Beck had the pleasure of returning this discourtesy when Barthou went to Warsaw in an attempt to draw Poland into the French orbit. The latest pinpricks date from last winter when

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Beck, visiting at the Riviera, awaited an invitation from Paris which did not come. Instead, a formidable press campaign was started against him in the Paris papers and, instead of visiting the French Capital, Beck visited Hitler in Berlin, where he was well received.

Beck's parents lived in Russo-Poland, where his father was a lawyer and a Polish nationalist of the most zealous stripe. He suffered hardship and persecution with his fellow patriots. Once, at the order of the Tsar, both Beck's mother and father were imprisoned. Upon their release, the older Beck removed his family to Galicia, then part of Austria.

Like a magnet, the Beck home attracted scores of Polish nationalists, political exiles and artists who beat a path to its always unlatched door. Among these were the composer Karlowicz, the writer Zseromski and Joseph Pilsudski, the nationalist leader. During this period, the younger Jozef Beck was a student at the Cracow Gymnasium. After his graduation, he went to Lwow where he studied mechanical engineering for the terms between 1912 and 1913. Among his instructors was Cazimir Bartel, who, twenty years later was President of Poland with his former student Secretary of Foreign Affairs.

The World War cut his studies short, and he enlisted as a volunteer in the Polish artillery. In 1915 he became a master artilleryman, and when, in the spring of 1916 Pilsudski united all the Polish legions under his command, Beck received an officer's commission in Pilsudski's crack Second Regiment. During the war, Beck received many souvenirs he was to keep for life, not least among them being a bad head injury and the Virtuti Military Cross.

In 1917 the Polish Soldiers' Association (P.O.W.) sent Beck to Russia on his first important political task. Under the assumed name of Halicki, he set out to contact a Polish army, organized there after the Bolshevik revolution, and composed of Poles who had fought in the army of the Tsar. Since he knew not a word of Russian, this was one of the most risky ventures ever undertaken by Beck. But even as a youth of 23, Beck showed the same boldness that is reflected in his present policies today.

After many adventures that rivaled Buchan's wildest tales, he succeeded in joining the Third Corps of the Polish Army in Russia. Spreading the news that Poland was to fight to regain its freedom, Beck-Halicki pressed further into Russia to get in touch with the Polish military mission in Moscow. There he learned that many Poles were joining a Bolshevik regiment then being mustered at Orel. Beck hastened to Orel. Speaking a perfect German, he was able to introduce himself to the local Bolshevik authorities as a war prisoner and former officer of the famous '*Deutschmeister*' regiment of the Austrian Army. The trick worked: he was given command of that Bolshevik regiment—a command that he held for nineteen days during which time he managed

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to issue passes to all Polish officers, thus enabling them to escape.

Then Beck fled from Orel, with the dread Cheka, which had gotten wind of his duplicity, hot on his trail. On November 20, 1918, Beck finally reported back to Lublin, in Poland, to his superior officer, the present Marshal Smigly-Rydz. There he was ordered to form an artillery battery and proceed to the front, where he covered himself with glory.

In February, 1919, there came a surprise command ordering Beck to turn over his regiment to another officer and report to Marshal Pilsudski at the Belweder Palace in Warsaw. He did not know why Pilsudski wanted him, for he had no idea that the Marshal had read his cleverly written reports from Moscow and Kiev, and had been greatly impressed by their almost unknown author.

It was then that the most important phase in Beck's career actually began. Almost at once he was attached to the military mission sent to Rumania to negotiate the passage of the Polish units of General Zeligowski through Bessarabia. From that time on Beck was entrusted with other important missions of a diplomatic and military character. Paramount among these was the mission to Brussels in the spring of 1921, when Beck was a representative of the Polish Army in the Polish-Lithuanian conferences. In 1922, Beck was military attaché at the embassy in Paris.

In 1923, Pilsudski, disgusted with the internal political intrigues in Poland, retired from public life. The first thing the Government did was to remove all of Pilsudski's confidential advisers, and chief among them was Beck. He was quite forgotten during the ensuing years until May, 1926, when he learned of Pilsudski's plans to take military control of Poland. Presenting himself to the Marshal, Beck was appointed to head the military clique and between them they worked out the plans for the siege of Warsaw. After a successful *coup*, Beck headed the negotiations between President Wojciechowski for taking over the Government. A few days later Pilsudski offered Beck the choice between heading the new Cabinet or continuing his military career. Beck chose to head the Cabinet, and his close association with Pilsudski lasted for another four years. In that time Beck and his Cabinet resurrected Poland.

The tempo at which Pilsudski made his associates work was strenuous, but Pilsudski's purpose was to train his younger pupil for the post of Minister of Affairs, and they discussed and studied foreign affairs around the clock.

Because of Beck's foreign policy and his quick thinking and conciseness born of a military training, Poland today ranks among the major Powers of the world. She pursues a good-neighbor policy, and her neighbors in turn seek her friendship. For that reason, Poland frequently appears to be sitting on the fence in the feud between the power poli-

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ticians. Although Beck has not the whole-hearted backing of the Polish press even today, no one can deny the great part he has played in raising the status of his country in the ranks of the nations.

Second Lawrence of Arabia

By C. A. Lyon

From the *Sunday Express*, London Independent Conservative Weekly

TODAY, once again, there is a Briton who is a power behind the scenes in Arabia. He dresses like an Arab, he speaks to the Arabs in their own language, and he has gained the confidence of semi-savage tribes as Lawrence did.

Harold Ingrams is his name, and though he is in a sense the successor to Lawrence, yet he differs from him in two important points. First, where Lawrence organized the Arabs for war, Ingrams has succeeded in bringing to South Arabia the first peace it has had for centuries. Second, where Lawrence rode the Arabian Desert alone, Ingrams rides with his wife.

Harold Ingrams is in the early forties. He is six feet tall, with phenomenally fair hair and pale eyes, of which it has been said: 'They are the honestest eyes I have ever seen.'

Only five years ago Ingrams was on service at Aden at the mouth of the Red Sea. Facing Aden is a long sun-scorched strip of the coast of Southern Arabia which is called the Hadhramaut. In the atlas it is usually marked with vague boundaries—for few know exactly where it is or what it is, or who lives there under whose rule.

Actually it is the home of 300,000 members of Arab tribes. Some have been brigands, some cultivators of dates and corn, and some tenders of the exotic incense-tree which for 2,000 years has sent its gum from this coast to make an awesome odor in all the churches of Christendom. It is mostly desert land, but with some cultivable valleys.

Ingrams and his wife were lured by the mystery of this coast to make a visit in 1934. They found a sad land, indeed. Cursed by nature with an infertile soil, it was cursed still more by the wars of man.

Ingrams found that the 300,000 people were divided up into 1,200 tribes, which had from time immemorial waged feuds against each other. The state of the country had become such that the fields were connected to the villages by trenches, and some people had literally not dared to pass their own house doors for twenty years. In a single valley there was an average of ten deaths a month through the feud. In this

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and many other valleys, lands lay idle because the people did not dare to come out with their spades and rakes for fear of being shot.

Ingrams and his wife outstayed their intended leave, and went ten days inland to places not hitherto visited by Europeans. And everywhere they went, people said: 'Bring us, we pray you, peace. Help us to end the feuds that we are sick of.'

Ingrams had to answer that he had no official position in the Hadhramaut and no authority, but he went back to Aden with the feeling that there was work to his hand, and wrote a report to the Colonial Office.

Two years passed, and Ingrams learned from the Colonial Office that he was to go to the Hadhramaut. One of the principal rulers, the Sultan of the Qu'aiti, had asked for him to be sent as an adviser. He arrived with his wife at Makella, the principal port of Hadhramaut and the residence of the Sultan, late in 1936, and immediately set out to achieve the seemingly impossible task of ending the feuds.

He and his wife dressed as Arabs, lived as Arabs and entertained as Arabs. They started out on tours of the country that were to extend to thousands of miles, traveling by camel and mule. They carried no arms, and avoided offending the Arabs' beliefs in any way. They drank no alcohol. They stayed with Arabs when they could.

Ingrams' grand plan was to induce the tribes to sign a three-year truce, during which none should attack another. He carried his draft truce everywhere with him, collecting signatures not only from chiefs, but from heads of families—thousands of signatures. He and his wife visited every tribe in the Hadhramaut—the peaceable tribes and those who made a living by banditry and murder. He found that the Arabs could be convinced if you took each one alone, but in conclave nothing was to be done with them. So whenever he had to see an important man, he took him aside and saw him *alone*.

And while Ingrams was talking peace to the men, Mrs. Ingrams went into the harem and talked to the women. For the influence exerted through the wives of the Hadhramaut was not small.

Soon Ingrams had a fine array of signatures; but the refusers also formed an array. Many would say: 'I would willingly sign, but when I have given my pledge and my neighbor attacks me, will the British Government help me?' And as yet Ingrams could not answer 'Yes.'

But at length he was promised the help of the Royal Air Force, and with this aid assured, he campaigned even more vigorously than before. But the people were still skeptical whether an outside force would intervene to enforce the law for them.

It so happened that a test case came up almost at once. In January, 1937, a British officer who had come to Hadhramaut to survey roads

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was fired on, and two of his men were injured. The tribe responsible was the Ben Yemani. The heads of the tribe were summoned before the Sultan and Ingrams. They were found guilty and fined ten camels, thirty rifles, and 100 goats. All Hadhramaut waited to see whether Ingrams really had power or not.

Letters were sent to the guilty tribe demanding the payment of the fine. No reply. Next the tribe was told that if they did not pay up, the village would be bombed by the R.A.F. Still no reply. Then the villagers were warned to leave their houses for the fields at a certain hour. They were told the wells on which their water supply depended would not be destroyed.

At the appointed hour the R.A.F. came, dropped some bombs—which did not do much damage—and flew away. Immediately afterwards, the Ben Yemani men came in, bringing their camels, rifles and goats, and paid the fine. Thousands came to Makella to witness their submission. After the fine was paid, Ingrams publicly shook hands with the heads of the tribe.

Shortly afterwards he and Mrs. Ingrams went to stay with them. The chiefs of the Yemani were most agreeable, and actually thanked Ingrams for having bombed them. It was a matter of face. 'If we had paid without being bombed,' they said, 'everybody would have laughed at us and said that we were cowards; that the Government was lying, and we wouldn't have been bombed if we hadn't paid.'

With the defeat of the Ben Yemani, the remaining tribes hastened to sign Ingrams's three-year truce. And thus it came about that in March, 1938, there was at last peace between all the tribes of Hadhramaut. The gratitude of the Arabs was deep and sincere, and Ingrams was given the honorable title of 'Friend of Hadhramaut.'

By a fortunate coincidence, as soon as the peace had been signed, a heavy and continued rain, unusual in that climate, blessed the land. Many of the Arabs believed that Ingrams was responsible for the rain as well as for the treaty.

The first result of the 'Ingrams Peace' was a great slump in the sale of arms. Stocks coming from European countries remained unsold, and rifles fell to a quarter of their usual price.

But after the first rejoicing, serious problems remain. The Ingrams Peace has been signed for three years. Will it survive that period? There are tribes in the Hadhramaut that have always depended on plunder for their livelihood. What will they do now there is peace?

Ingrams is wrestling with these problems today. He is fostering better agriculture, providing camel ploughs, organizing irrigation. It will not be his fault if the first peace that has come to the Hadhramaut for centuries does not endure.

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When will the Colonial question arise again? The author outlines some of the issues that trouble African minds.

Living Room *in* Africa

By George L. Steer

From the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, London Conservative Daily

TERMS like *Rohstoffe* (raw materials) and *Lebensraum* (living room) are the stock in trade of the Nazi phrasemakers in the colonial campaign. In every set speech beyond the Rhine the audiences are told, first, that Germany lacks raw materials because she lacks colonies, and, secondly, that if she had her old colonies she would have room in which to live.

A careful survey of the principal German pronouncements on colonies has shown me that the campaign warms up in the winter months, when the twin concepts of raw materials and living room carry most significance for the German people. For it is in the cold weather that they feel most the pressure of the Four-Year Plan on their lives, exerted by a reduction of the quality, if not the quantity, of consumer goods, whether in clothing, food or fuel. All this, it is contended, can be attributed to Versailles, which wantonly robbed Germany of her place in the sun.

The theory is worth inspection. If it is true, Germany will have every reason to be satisfied if her old colonies are returned to her. If it is not true, the Nazi régime will have somehow to conceal the deception from the German people by assigning some new wickedness to the Haves and the Democracies. And that will enable Germany to employ her recovered colonies on the only work that will be left to them, that of airdromes in a game of air politics played by a Power possessing the greatest air force in the world.

Raw materials; living room. How much of each is there in old German Africa? The German Empire, it is fair to remember, was almost entirely in Africa; and Herr Hitler himself has excluded the rest by saying that he does not want colonies in Asia.

A lot of fancies about colonies need pricking. Particularly buoyant is the view that colonies are the sources of the world's raw materials. They are not. The League of Nations Committee on Raw Materials of 1937 found

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that only 3 per cent of the world's raw materials were produced by colonies, the rest by sovereign States. The Reich would, therefore, seem to simplify its economic problem more easily by seizing the latter, beginning with Czecho-Slovakia, than by bothering her head about African colonies.

The Czech State alone, with $300,000,000 of gold and foreign securities and $1,250,000,000 of stocks in store, offers more loot in twenty-four hours than all the African colonies of Germany combined can offer during ten years of Nazi rule. There is no need to turn to Africa for quick returns when the Danube sands can be washed for gold.

II

Former German colonies that I have visited are the three greatest and richest: Tanganyika, Southwest Africa, the Cameroons. Their total trade, imports and exports, for 1937, was valued respectively, at $45,000,000, $30,000,000 and $20,000,000. Of a total of $95,000,000, $20,000,000 already represented trade with Germany.

Besides the three larger colonies there are the Belgian mandated territory of Ruanda Urundi and French and British Togoland—with a foreign trade of $40,000,000 all told.

Thus Germany, if all her former colonies in Africa were returned to her, would, on the face of it, receive $115,000,000 extra foreign trade. On the face of it only; for she is not fitted to manufacture the principal African imports, cheap cotton cloths and rubber shoes and other forms of 'civilized' wearing apparel, the purchase of which is the native's sole inducement to produce for a cash economy. Nor can she absorb, for instance, as much as half the sisal that Tanganyika produces.

Finally, her destruction of the free trade system in all the mandated territories except Southwest Africa (which is subject to the South African tariff) would lead to reprisals against her trade in the rest of Africa. The mark is a sensitive plant, and she would have to close the Colonial door against Great Britain in order to survive; we would then close ours; the day of colonial visiting would be over, as much to Germany's damage as to ours.

The figure of $115,000,000, therefore, is very much a maximum for the benefit which would accrue to Germany following a total surrender of colonies.

In 1936, a more or less normal year before the spate of German rearmament swept away her trading resources, Germany imported and exported the value of $3,000,000,000. The recovery of the old colonies then would give her a benefit of a little less than 4 per cent, which is less than the ordinary yearly fluctuation in her foreign trade and could not make the slightest noticeable difference to the German economy, or improve the lot of the German people.

But the Nazis, it is said, will make great colonists. They will render old Africa doubly fertile overnight.

The illusion of African wealth dies hard. There are precisely four rich parts of Africa. They are Johannesburg, the copper belt of Katanga, and Northern Rhodesia, the Nile valley and the Gold Coast. If you took the rest of Africa and sank it under the sea, the world and you would be none the worse off.

The curses of Africa are many: drought—particularly in the old Ger-

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man South West; tsetse fly—particularly in old German Tanganyika; a thin soil everywhere; under-population and a consequent shortage of labor, due to disease and malnutrition.

Some of these weaknesses in Africa's constitution will never be cured; none can be mended in a hurry. Nature as well as medicine must take her time. It will take decades to stamp out malaria and sleeping sickness. Tropical trees do not sprout and bear like pansies; one waits five years to pluck an oil palm, ten to grow a coconut.

III

As I went around Africa, I made a special survey of the short-term possibilities of the former German colonies under a Nazi system. My findings were that, given a ruthless labor law which took no account of native rights, and on the assumption that German military expenditure to enforce it would be nil—a most doubtful provision after twenty years of native economic liberty—the exports and imports of Southwest Africa could be increased to one and a half times their present value; those of Tanganyika could be about doubled; and those of the Cameroons a little less than doubled.

I believe that the military expenditure to give this 7 per cent to the Reich would be very heavy indeed. The severest measures would have to be used to wring work out of the native. His incentive, cheap Japanese clothes, would no longer be disembarked on the quays of Dar-es-Salaam and Duala. And even today in Tanganyika and the Cameroons alike the sources of native labor have dried up; there are not enough men to go around.

To turn to the question of 'living room,' there are today 31,000 white settlers in Southwest Africa whose future is purely pastoral. Of these, 10,000 are German. Southwest Africa cannot, until Europeans are better rainmakers than the local witch-doctors, house more than 70,000 whites. That is the maximum number that can live on her maximum of herds and flocks.

In Tanganyika only the narrow ledge of highland running northwest from Tanga to Kilimanjaro, and from there south to Lake Nyasa, is fit for the white man. The rest is unhealthy lowland and low plateau. Even the highlands are full of native proprietors.

The area was surveyed for white settlement by a Commission appointed by Sir Donald Cameron before 1930. The Commissioners found that nearly the whole zone was already overcrowded; the part which they advised the Government to leave open to alienation would hold, at the most, 5,000 whites. There are already 10,000 whites in the territory.

There is no land available for white men in Ruanda Urundi. The Cameroons and Togoland are typical West African Negro colonies, with only rare highlands; the rest of their territory being even more menacing to European health than the East African lowlands. In Togoland white settlement is out of the question. In the Cameroons fewer than 1,000 planters (including women and children) have already absorbed the whole labor supply of the territory.

Thus within the next generation the former German Empire in Africa will be able to maintain less than 90,000 whites—less than the diminutive though demonstrative minority that harassed

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the short life of President Hacha's Czecho-Slovak Republic.

Within a generation the former German Empire in Africa will be able to give *Lebensraum* to one-tenth per cent of the total population of the new German Empire in Europe today. In other and franker words, *Lebensraum* and *Rohstoffe* are equal nonsense; the economic recovery promised to the German public by the Colonial propaganda will be proved a myth if the colonies are surrendered; and Germany will therefore remain unsatisfied, her territorial gluttony unfed.

IV

If a straight vote were taken in Southwest Africa today on the question of return to Germany, of the 31,000 whites, at least two-thirds would vote to remain under the Union. As for the natives, they have been getting increasingly more coherent in their objections to the German domination. What they did not like about the German rule, besides its severity, was that it destroyed the local authorities and disregarded the local customs of the tribe, and in their place set up a tyranny of house-boys, clerks and Askaris.

Besides, the modern native, particularly the native of the coast ports and the inland concentrations of population, has been weaned away from the slave mentality of forty years back, which accepted flogging quite passively; he thinks now in terms of 'dignity.'

Then, there is a great fear that the return of the Germans would upset the economic system of the country; that, for some reason dimly seen, the mark would not prove as good as the pound.

Most of all they dread the prospect of war, which a division of power might mean in Africa. One master is better than two. Today Uganda, Kenya, Zanzibar and Tanganyika are under the same Government, and they can combine in all matters, which the natives think is not a bad thing.

The temptation for Germany to 'cash in' on the new Colonial position and on an unchallenged air supremacy will, nevertheless, be great. Two of the richest areas in Africa would lie within the range of her bombing planes: the Rand, with its $350,000,000 of gold a year, a bottomless gold reserve in the vaults of nature herself; the Katanga mines, ready to supply more than the annual requirements of Germany in copper, which is one of her six essential raw material needs.

It should be understood in Great Britain that, while the Commonwealth exists, South Africa will under no circumstances consider the transfer of Southwest Africa to Germany. This is today the cardinal point of her external policy. For the Union Cabinet the issue raised by Germany's Colonial claims is not so much one of Imperial integrity as of practical independence. South Africa is freer to live her own life under the present system than under its alternative, and she knows it.

The Union Cabinet, as well as influential elements of the Opposition, are fixed in this view for three reasons: They do not desire a powerful and aggressive neighbor; they do not want the forces of anti-Semitism in the Union to be strengthened, and they look forward to a day in the not too distant future when the Union will be the paramount power in Africa south of the Equator.

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How France appears after one year of Daladier's régime; the place where her army of aliens congregates; what makes the wheels go round at Quai d'Orsay.

France Today

I. The Passing of the Third Republic

By Alexander Werth
From the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester Liberal Daily

If THE attention of the world had not been absorbed elsewhere, if the menace of a European war had not eclipsed even events of such immense and tragic importance as the fall of Madrid and the end of the Spanish war, France would have been 'front page' news. But everything is relative; the extraordinary events that occurred in Paris immediately after the fall of Prague passed almost unnoticed, and were probably dismissed by many as a piece of 'internal politics.'

Over a year has passed since the Daladier Government came into office, and during this year France has undergone a profound change both internationally and internally. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that during this year France has ceased to be a democratic republic or, at any rate, a Parliamentary democracy. The change came gradually but surely. Internationally France's position in Europe is entirely different from what it was a year ago. Not that a year ago France had not already suffered some severe setbacks. The setbacks had been numerous since 1935.

It is curious that the gradual triumph of the pro-Munich policy in France ran parallel with the growth of political reaction. On the whole, France was less conscience-stricken about Munich than was England, even though she had fewer illusions than England on its ultimate good. Pacifism and war-weariness are widespread in France: the peasantry is 'pro-Munich,' and in the Socialist Party and among the trade unions there were strong pacifist and pro-Munich currents. But the pro-Munich leadership was in the hands of a set of politicians with nu-

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merous links with business and high finance and an enormous influence on the press, like M. Bonnet, M. Flandin, M. Caillaux, the 'uncrowned king of the Senate,' M. de Monzie, M. Mistler, the chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Chamber, M. Chautemps, and some others. The manner in which France's will to resist was weakened throughout 1938 and how the Government's assurances to Czecho-Slovakia were wrapped up in more and more mental reservations make a remarkable, if not very noble, story.

II

M. Daladier was wavering between the fulfillment of the often-repeated pledges to Czecho-Slovakia and his feeling that the French people were against risking war. And yet, though he signed the Munich Agreement, he felt uneasy about it for a long time, and it was not until December that he became completely converted to the Munich outlook, largely under the influence of M. Bonnet, who had pursued a 'Munich' policy with persistence and consistency ever since he had come into office in April.

M. Bonnet, M. Flandin and the rest had none of the self-righteous British illusions about Munich. They let Daladier declare his conviction to the Chamber that Czecho-Slovakia could manage perfectly well within her Munich frontiers, but they themselves were quite 'hard-boiled' about it. They knew that the annexation of the Sudetenland was not an end but a means for Germany. Actually a good part of the semi-official press made no secret of it that it would not consider an 'extension' of Munich (in other words, a free hand for Germany in the east) incompatible with Franco-German friendship. In the view of Flandin and others, the great problem was to divert Germany's energies to the east. The semi-official press seriously—and hopefully—discussed the possibilities of the 'Greater Ukraine,' where Germany could satisfy her territorial ambitions and, with luck, use up her energies.

Unfortunately for these people, it soon became clear that they had made a miscalculation. Already in January there was no longer the same certainty that Hitler had turned his back to the west and was going to walk right into the Ukranian trap the *Matin* and other papers had so considerately set for him. In February, however, there was a spell of 'optimism' in Paris: Mr. Roosevelt had uttered a warning to Germany and Mr. Chamberlain a warning to Italy, and it was thought that neither would budge. And then came the 15th of March.

The French public was perhaps slow to grasp the meaning of it. Paris did not become excited until forty-eight hours later, and the first reaction in certain official quarters was significant: they declared that there was nothing so very startling in what had happened; it was a consequence of the mistakes made at Versailles in 1919 and so on. When one recalled Munich and the Anglo-French 'guarantee,' they shrugged their shoulders. Some of them looked almost pleased because Hitler had 'gone east' after all. And of course they said that the Italians were greatly shocked.

Parliament was convened in a hurry—but not to discuss the foreign situation. M. Daladier scarcely said a word about Czecho-Slovakia and con-

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fined himself to saying that the Government must be given unlimited plenary powers without a moment's delay, while M. Bonnet discreetly remained in the background and said nothing. In his famous broadcast some days later M. Daladier was very energetic, but the broadcast was almost entirely an answer to Mussolini. On Germany and Czecho-Slovakia and Poland hardly a word was said.

M. Daladier has received innumerable letters from all over France approving his firm stand in relation to Italy, and one has the impression that the French people are entirely in favor of the latest Chamberlain policy in relation to Poland, but one cannot be absolutely sure. It is curious that both M. Daladier and M. Bonnet have been lying low and have let Mr. Chamberlain do all the talking 'in the name of Britain and France.' The old gibe 'England will fight to the last French soldier' contains some dangerous propagandist possibilities, which may be successfully exploited in France if the question ever arises of 'helping Poland,' or 'helping Rumania.'

III

If the intentions of the French Government often remain obscure, it is largely because there is no longer any regular Parliamentary Government in France. The Daladier Government has, within less than a year, secured plenary powers on three occasions, and its present powers are completely unlimited in scope and are valid for no less than eight months.

In asking for plenary powers last time M. Daladier showed a certain contempt for Parliament: 'This is not a time for words, but a time for deeds,' and if anyone ventured to inquire about the scope of the powers, he had, to put it crudely, his nose bitten off by M. Daladier, who contemptuously dismissed any such questions as 'byzantinism.' 'Even with the enemy at the gates you will go on talking.'

Naturally, nobody raised the slightest objection to the plenary powers as far as military preparedness and all measures of defense were concerned, but it was strange to hear M. Daladier, a Radical-Socialist leader, advocate a system of 'democracy without contradictions'—a phrase curiously reminiscent of certain totalitarian formulas.

M. Daladier's task is a formidable one, and most people therefore make allowances for his desire for authority and for his occasional outbursts of bad humor. Although he is easily swayed by contradictory influences, it is felt that his instincts are sound, that his patriotism is above suspicion and that his manner can be impressive. Is he the strong man of France? Experience in the past showed that his strong-man manner could be deceptive. His brief Premiership in February, 1934, which ended with the famous Concorde riots, was a strange succession of 'strong' and 'weak' moments. The same is true of his whole attitude to the Czech crisis and Munich. On the night of Munich he was the unhappiest man in the world, yet he entered Paris in triumph. 'Strong Man' Daladier really came into existence on November 30, on the day when he broke the general strike. He broke it completely, and later he boasted of having personally ordered tear gas to be used against the stay-in strikers at Renault's; it gave him

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great satisfaction to feel that he had acted without a moment's hesitation, and it gave him a large fund of self-confidence.

IV

Daladier was a Front Populaire man; it was he who led the Radicals into the Front Populaire fold while many of them were still hesitating to join forces with the 'Reds.' He was War Minister in all the Front Populaire Governments since 1936, and he coöperated loyally with Blum. His conviction, in April, 1938, that the Front Populaire was played out and not worth going on with was sincere, and certainly reflected a mood that was widespread in the country, not least among the peasantry. And it is one of the remarkable features of the Daladier régime that, while marking a reaction against the working class (and the stay-in strikes certainly irritated the bulk of French public opinion), it is constantly courting the favors of the French peasantry. It resembles the Second Empire in this.

The recent financial decrees have let the peasantry off lightly, and Daladier misses no opportunity of flattering the peasantry; in December he remarked that the last war was won chiefly by the French peasants, and more recently he referred to the numerous letters he was getting 'from the very heart of the country' indicating that these peasant voices meant more to him than any opinions expressed in Parliament. M. Daladier, indeed, regards his rural mail as a barometer of what the country wants and as a daily source of political inspiration. And perhaps he believes at heart that his correspondents have more faith in him than in Parliamentary government.

Daladier is a man who has come to believe in his own mission; he has long ceased to be a party man and has come to believe in 'authority.' With such ideas he has inevitably been supported by all the conservative elements in France, and the Fascist elements are not unfriendly to him. He is hated by the Communists and disliked by the Socialists and by a part of his own fellow-Radicals, and he has not made himself any more popular with them by the rather startling methods he used in having President Lebrun reëlected.

The international situation is admittedly serious, but his critics sometimes wonder whether the gravity of the international situation is not being used as an excuse for certain innovations which, in spirit at least, are scarcely democratic—the demand for unlimited plenary powers and all the maneuvers that led to the reëlection of Lebrun by a reluctant National Assembly, which simply did not feel like making a fuss at a time like this. But the sudden hostility of M. Caillaux and other senatorial guardians of the Constitution is an indication that if we escape a war there will be a reaction against the anti-Parliamentary tendencies of M. Daladier.

Nevertheless, it is felt that it is the wrong time for making rows, and the working class, with its sense and patriotism, feels it very keenly. There has been no outburst against the sudden increase of the 40-hour week to a 60-hour week in the war industries, and the C.G.T. (General Federation of Labor), which since the fiasco of the general strike is, admittedly, not in a strong bargaining position, has been satisfied with vague assurances that sacrifices would also be asked from the

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PALO ALTO
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employers and M. Jouhaux has decided that the usual May Day stoppage should not apply this year. In the presence of the grave war menace France is today a more or less united country, but it cannot be said to be united around its Government. M. Daladier the War Minister has the country behind him, but M. Daladier the Premier has lately acted in a manner which has not failed to stir up much animosity among the political parties.

But as War Minister M. Daladier is generally trusted. Even in the days when he was 'a man of the Left' (but one who was determined to keep the Army outside politics) he was popular with the generals and the Army. He is on the best terms with General Gamelin. French opinion has the greatest confidence in the Army, and Daladier's position will be strong as long as he remains at the War Office, where he will continue to share some of the prestige of the French Army itself.

II. Permit to Live

By a Special Correspondent

Translated from the *Haagsche Post*, Hague Political Weekly

'Carte d'identité'—a magic word—often the unattainable object of longing of the many thousands of emigrants living in Paris. Dreadful tragedies centering around the little green card have taken place within the last few years. The Paris police chronicle records many a suicide as the result of the final refusal to issue this blessed little piece of paper. Whoever moves among emigrants knows that all the thoughts of these people revolve around it—more, perhaps, than around their daily bread.

The refugee problem in France has entered a new phase. The Spanish collapse has brought into the country another wave of emigration, adding 400,000 more to the army of political refugees which had already reached the million mark. It no longer is a political problem; it has become a social problem of the first order. It has reached the limits where tolerance and hospitality stop and the country has to think of its own security. For this reason, the decrees regulating the permits of emigrants have been growing ever more stringent, creating a feeling of panic among the unfortunates who depend on them.

A few days ago I went to the Paris prefecture to see for myself what goes on in the anteroom of the department in charge of foreigners. The stairways and waiting rooms are overcrowded. Many people have waited for three days, going home only for a few hours at night and returning the next morning long before the doors are opened, in order to grab a low number. These people are calm: they have nothing to lose. Most of them have time because they have no jobs. Only very few foreigners may work in France. A *carte du travail* is even more difficult to obtain than a *carte d'identité*.

All eyes are turned toward the mysterious room from which from time to time an official in a gray trenchcoat emerges, with a pile of folders under his arm. He calls out

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twenty to thirty names. The chosen few follow the man with the trench-coat to the fifth floor. Up there even more people are waiting than below on the fourth floor; it is hotter, and the air is even thicker. But whoever thought that the waiting is over is again disappointed. 'Stay here until you are called,' the official says, and disappears behind the door. Another period of waiting begins.

The people gaze in complete bewilderment at the door which is closed behind the official. It bears a sign with the word '*éloignement*,' which means 'deportation' and their hearts begin to beat with fear. But those who have been here on other occasions reassure the newcomers. 'It won't be so bad,' says an older man, who knows his way around. 'You've got to fight. They are trying to get rid of all of us. But if you can prove that no country will accept you, you can stay here. You will have to get a few recommendations, though. I myself have a red slip.'

The red slip he holds is the dreaded deportation warrant. But the old man was not even thinking of leaving. The deportation warrant was issued two years ago and he was still here.

II

That is the strange part about the fate of these people—that although they are officially expelled, they stay on. If the police apprehends them, nothing much happens.

A German emigrant explains how the machinery worked in his own case. He has been deprived of his German citizenship and has no passport. One day he receives a summons from the police. The official asks for his papers —he has none. The official hands him a small slip, which says, in black and white, that he has to leave French territory within the next forty-eight hours. But he cannot leave. He has no passport. No country in the world will accept him. Either he must remain in France, or throw himself into the Seine. He remains in France. Two months later, an investigator is sent to his apartment to find out whether he is still there. He is again summoned, and is given another time limit in which to leave, although the official as well as the emigrant are perfectly aware of the fact that he will not be able to leave within this period. Most of the people waiting here have a vast number of such renewals on their slips. This may go on for years.

This strange state of affairs has finally caused the Minister of the Interior to issue a decree regulating the status of these people. For governmental authority is undermined by these ineffective deportation orders. A make-shift solution is a concentration camp for those émigrés who theoretically should be expelled, but who cannot leave France. These are not only German or Austrian emigrants, but people from all countries where a revolution or a change of the political system has taken place. It would be false to apply a common political denomination to all these refugees, and to say that they are all 'Left' elements. One should not forget the hundreds of thousands of White Russians, who, regarded as martyrs of the Russian Revolution of 1917, were treated for a long time as a privileged group. The now unattainable working permit was at that time willingly given to all of them, which explains why today almost one-third of all taxi drivers

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in Paris are Russians. There is also an overabundance of Russian butlers, maids, waiters and janitors.

The people whom I saw on the fifth floor of the prefecture belonged to various social strata. Many were poorly dressed and had a hungry look, but there were also many elegant women in fur coats sitting on the wooden benches, and a number of dignified gentlemen. Social barriers no longer exist in the Paris prefecture. I saw a well-known Viennese department store owner, who listened for hours to cheap jokes told by a cheerful-looking tramp. They made a date to have an *apéritif* together. The animated conversation stops only when an official calls out new names. There is a universal shushing in the room, and everybody listens attentively.

The names, as they are pronounced by the French officials, sound so completely changed that everyone has to watch sharply in order to recognize his own. It is particularly difficult for the French officials to pronounce the Polish names, with their many sputtering consonants. While I was present, a Chinese was called. The official exerted all his strength trying to bring the name out, but he finally gave up and shouted, amidst general laughter, '*Enfin, le Chinois!*'

German seems to be the language most in use. One also hears a great deal of Polish, Yiddish and, lately, Spanish. The conversation consists of everyone telling the others his case. Sometimes a visit to the prefecture ends in jail. The official may not accept any arguments, but carries out the letter of the law. Usually these emigrants get six months. For many of them this punishment is not the worst that could happen to them.

Whoever gets the magic *carte d'identité* is safe from all calamities and heartaches. He is again a man among men; nothing can harm him any more.

III. Backstage at Quai d'Orsay

Translated from *Posliednyia Novosti*, Paris Russian Emigré Daily

NUMBER 37 Quai d'Orsay, the French counterpart of 10 Downing Street, which houses the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, was built in 1845 during the reign of Louis Philippe, though it was not put to its present use until some years later. Neither the Monarch nor his Minister, the famous Guizot, who had chosen the site, saw the building completed. Its façade was riddled by bullets as the Revolution of 1848 unseated Louis Philippe and it was not until Napoleon III became Emperor that it was repaired and used.

Many additions have been made to 37 Quai d'Orsay since the time of Napoleon III but they have not altered the fact that the Ministry of Foreign Affairs is still conducting its business in extremely crowded quarters. Some years ago Deputy François de Tessan complained in the Chamber about this situation. According to him, the building was crammed to the rafters. Every available inch of space

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was used for clerical work—even the cellars, corridors and reception rooms were filled to overflowing. Visitors from abroad had to wait in the corridors and would be received in poorly lighted, garret-like offices. The apartments and salons were in such a state of disrepair that visiting heads of government and other important personages had to be put up in hotels. This is largely true even now. The British royal couple did occupy a suite in Quai d'Orsay during their visit in France. But the whole floor had to be completely redecorated before their arrival.

Complaints today are still plentiful. The lack of space prevents efficient organization of departmental work. It is hard to get at the archives, or, for that matter, at any important document. French officials ordered on missions abroad are unable to find even a corner to carry on the necessary preparatory research. The Foreign Office is so under-staffed that visitors, even though of suspicious appearance, are allowed to wander for hours through the corridors and offices, unguided and unchallenged.

Yet it is a curious phenomenon that the Quai d'Orsay refuses to relinquish its archaic supernumeraries, clinging tenaciously to offices whose usefulness has long been outlived. There are many officials whose titles date back centuries. One of them is the *Hallebardier-en-chef* (chief halberd-bearer). He is a picturesque character, magnificent in his blue frock coat, short red breeches and waistcoat, and black *tricorne* with the tri-colored cockade. He zealously preserves the tradition of wearing a sword and carrying a halberd. The splendor of this exalted personage is almost equaled by that of the Chief Treasurer, who, contrary to what might reasonably be expected, has nothing whatever to do with the establishment's finances. He merely looks after the silver and china on festive occasions. Then there is the Official Calligrapher, a purely nominal office, since all reports are typewritten today. The fact that it was recently proposed in Parliament that his salary be raised from 6,000 to 8,000 francs a year shows how much the Quai d'Orsay clings to tradition.

Another heritage of the past, but much better adjusted to present needs, is the Director of Protocol, one of the most useful officials at Quai d'Orsay. He is in charge of the Chancellery, commanding a staff of clerks whose duty it is to put diplomatic acts, conventions and treaties, into final form, and see that they get to the proper quarters. The duties of the Director of Protocol also extend to the Palais d'Elysée, the residence of the President of the Republic. Whether it is a foreign Ambassador who wishes to present his credentials, or a distinguished foreign personage who seeks an audience with the President—the Director of Protocol handles the arrangements. It is also his duty to make up *dossiers* preliminary to awarding membership in the Legion of Honor to foreigners. He is called upon to decide innumerable points of etiquette and his decision in these matters is final.

II

One of the most active as well as most criticized departments of the Quai d'Orsay is the Department of Press and Information. In view of the recent press restrictions it is now more than ever in the public eye. Its func-

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tions are manifold. It is in constant touch with the press and other agencies of information, both in France and abroad. The head of this department naturally is thoroughly acquainted with every phase of French foreign policy and the Minister's views. French, British and American newspapermen are received daily at the Quai d'Orsay, while others drop in for press conferences twice a week. The Press Department is also charged with the task of aiding foreign journalists in their work in France; it provides them with the necessary passes, organizes expeditions, etc.

The same department keeps a sharp watch on the French press in general, particularly on that of Paris. The department staff every day clips, classifies and files away thousands of articles dealing with foreign policy. It also provides material for the French diplomatic service abroad, with a view to disseminating pro-French propaganda or counteracting anti-French propaganda abroad.

Another section of this department is charged with the task of analyzing the foreign press and is kept busy looking through something like two hundred foreign newspapers a day. It puts out two bulletins—a daily clip sheet with a résumé of the foreign press, including the most significant articles on foreign policy, translated and reprinted *in toto;* and a periodical, each issue of which is devoted to a thorough survey of the press of a single country. The issues dealing with the British and German press are particularly impressive.

The inner sanctum of the Ministry is the Code Department. Applicants for this department must pass an examination in diplomatic history, geography, foreign languages and even mathematics. These examinations are given by a commission composed of Ministry officials. There is no school at which aspirants may prepare for the difficult job of deciphering and composing codes. The trade can be learned only by apprenticeship under the guidance of experienced colleagues.

III

The code used by the Quai d'Orsay is much simpler than that used in the Ministries of War and Interior. Correspondence with Ambassadors is usually carried on in code, which is changed about twice a year, or more often, if it is suspected that it has been deciphered by 'the other side.'

The code experts are on call in the Ministry day and night but the volume of work assigned to them varies according to the importance of world events. In normal times they get the average of 200 to 300 telegrams from French representatives the world over. After decoding, these telegrams are distributed through various departments. The most important ones are given to the Secretary General, the Foreign Minister and the President of the Republic.

Often important telephone conversations are carried on in code or in cryptic language that would be incomprehensible to a wire-tapper. They sound something like this: 'If the first hypothesis envisaged by us in our first personal conversation is to be realized, I must request you to act on the lines laid down in the second paragraph of your third report. . . .' In the code department there is a 'super-secret' section, the so-called Technical Division, which decodes

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telegrams and radio dispatches from foreign sources. This kind of diplomatic espionage is customary not only on the Quai d'Orsay, but in the British Foreign Office, at Wilhelmstrasse and at the Russian Foreign Office—Narcomindel.

This work requires specialists, of which the Quai d'Orsay employs only five or six. Sometimes they spend months before deciphering a code—and frequently their efforts are of no avail. Even when a code is 'cracked,' it may prove of no use, since the telegram may be written in cryptic language. If, however, a particularly significant telegram is intercepted and decoded, it is immediately transcribed on a special blank form with a green border and sent on to the President of the Republic, the Premier and the Minister of Foreign Affairs. These *verts* have been extremely useful in the diplomatic service. During the Versailles negotiations, the code used by Berlin in its instructions to the delegates was 'cracked' a week after the delegation came to Paris, and much of Clemenceau's policy was determined by the contents of the *verts* that were put on his desk every morning.

We Ate Fish!

The ignominy committed by Fascist Italy against the Albanian Moslems on the very day of Good Friday continues to be the leitmotif of French editorials.

The editor of the *Aube* calls the Italian people renegades for being guilty of such a dastardly crime on the anniversary of the Redemption. This outburst of prose was reported with delight by the Jewish *Populaire*, the Masonic *Oeuvre*, the Communist *Humanité*.

In order to demonstrate how the union between the Catholics and the members of the Popular Front constitutes a grave offence to religion and to Catholicism, we need but relate that on Good Friday, at seven-thirty sharp, in Bonvalet Restaurant—at 31 Temple Boulevard—a great banquet was held at which meat was served at every single course. I am referring to the annual banquet of Freethinkers which is held every year as an affront to Good Friday. All the writers and editors of the newspapers *Populaire*, *Humanité* and *Oeuvre* were there; yet the French Catholic press was very careful not to breathe a word about it.

What hypocrites they are!

—Roberto Farinacci in the *Regime Fascista*,
Friday, April 14, 1939

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Can the small States of Europe ward off their two voracious neighbors?

Balkan Dilemma

By Jules Sauerwein

Translated from *Paris-Soir*, Paris Liberal Daily

THIS year's crop of unjustifiable acts of aggression, culminating in Italy's invasion of Albania, has shed new light on totalitarian tactics. It has shown the necessity of intervention by the major Western Powers if a continuation of these brutal conquests is to be prevented. Unless that is done, Hungary, Rumania and Yugoslavia in their turn are doomed to vassalage; for they are certainly incapable of resistance if left to their own devices.

One reason for their weakness is that their livelihood depends upon Germany. Since the fall of Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary has been exporting 80 per cent of her products to Germany, Yugoslavia 50 per cent and Rumania more than 60 per cent. The Reich is in a position to ruin these three countries economically. France and Great Britain have lately tried to remedy the situation. But special interests have long been impeding the progress of negotiations which only recently—and too late—have culminated in the conclusion of commercial treaties favorable to the agricultural producers of Southwestern Europe. As yet the volume of trade between, say, Rumania, on the one hand, and France and England, on the other, has not increased to any noticeable degree. Neither France nor England needs the grain and oil which are the staple products of that country.

The Germans, on the contrary, are ready buyers in the Southwestern market. If they themselves have no use for these products, they can always act as middlemen and sell them elsewhere at a profit.

The Balkan countries, moreover, are too poorly armed to be able to defy their powerful neighbors with impunity. Despite the heroic spirit of her soldiers, Yugoslavia could hold her own against an attack for only a pitiably short time. Rumania is somewhat better equipped but it is doubtful whether the sum total of her airplanes, tanks, artillery and muni-

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tions would be equal to that of two German corps.

Another contributory factor to this weakness is internal division. The Balkan States have not yet emerged from the adolescent stage of nationalism. Their actions are still motivated by greed: they are blinded by prospects of regaining lost territories or acquiring new ones. Thus Bulgaria is willing to deal with Germany because she hopes in this way to be able to regain the Dobrudja, that small but fertile strip of territory which was annexed by Rumania in 1913. Rumania, on her part, refuses to make any sacrifices as a price for Bulgaria's friendship, although an alliance with the latter, because of her geographic position and military strength, might be well worth the Dobrudja, which adds nothing to Rumania's already considerable agricultural wealth or to her security.

As for the Hungarians, they are still passing through a period distinguished by a marked nationalistic inferiority complex—the result of twenty years of humiliation and despair. No wonder that Hungary lends a willing ear to the seductive promises held out to her. Using Transylvania with its two million Magyars as a bait, Germany has succeeded in drawing Hungary completely into her sphere. Hungary, too, could not hope to defend her extremely vulnerable frontiers.

II

Yet the nations of Southwestern Europe, if united, could form an impregnable bloc. Unity would give many advantages to them from the economic point of view; it would enable them to make more favorable treaties with the Greater Powers—Germany included—and put them in better military position. Supported by Turkey and Soviet Russia, and further strengthened by pledges from France and England, they would be reasonably safe from aggression. But hitherto they have not been able to see their way clear to making the reciprocal sacrifices and compromises necessary to cement their alliance. On the contrary, every effort at unity has been directed against some other small nation, whose claims appeared to threaten their interests. Thus Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania and Yugoslavia have in the past joined forces against Hungary, in utter disregard of the possibility of attack from a more formidable Power than the 10 million Magyars in the Danubian Plain. Greece, Yugoslavia, Rumania and Turkey have also participated in a pact; but its main purpose was to preserve the *status quo* of the frontiers set up in 1919, thus excluding any possibility of participation by Bulgaria, which, naturally, could not be expected to subscribe to a pact that perpetuated her defeat. None of the four countries considered the strategic importance of Bulgaria in case Germany attacked Rumania, or Italy, Albania.

At present, Italy's occupation of Albania means something more than glorification of Italian nationalism through German tactics; Italy has gained a base from which she can operate in two directions: toward the Aegean, where she will threaten Turkey and British naval bases, and toward the Danube where she will eventually join Germany in her eastward drive. It is only necessary to

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look at the map to see to what extent Bulgaria holds the key to the situation.

There is some cold comfort to be drawn from the Albanian lesson. Mussolini's employment of German tactics was not crowned with the success that usually attends Hitler's ventures. King Zog behaved quite differently from Hacha and the conquest of Albania was not a bloodless one. It is reassuring to find that of all the territories Italy coveted, she chose as her victim the weakest, the one which offered the least likelihood of resistance; and that even so, Mussolini failed to make a clean job of it.

Great Britain was wise in centering her recent policy around Poland. Of all the nations of Western Europe, Poland is the one that can offer the most serious resistance to Germany. She has the necessary national unity, and is not as implacably encircled as was Czecho-Slovakia. The small nations of Southwestern Europe will do well to realize their peril and rally around Poland, which is, moreover, assured of French and British support. Only then will they be able to face, united, the prospect of totalitarian aggression.

Chamberlain Speaks

I have heard Mr. Chamberlain accused of fiddling while Rome burns; but I do not think that if he were in Nero's position Mr. Chamberlain would fiddle. I think he would make a speech, and that it would go something like this:—

'The fact, which I think I may say has been established beyond question, that the greater part of this city is now in flames, will cause, I have no doubt, feelings of profound uneasiness and even alarm among those inhabitants who are conscious of the possibility of a threat to their security. The question we have to ask ourselves is whether this conflagration has not now created a situation which is incompatible with the safety of the community as a whole. I am sure that it will be generally agreed that the collapse of most of our public buildings, so far from relieving the apprehension which has been widely felt, has served only to increase anxiety and to administer a further shock to confidence. If the city is on fire, and if the lives of its inhabitants are in danger, then I confess that I find it difficult to reconcile this state of affairs with the view that there is no cause for misgivings in a situation which, if permitted to develop, may prove detrimental to the well-being of all concerned. It has been suggested that the Fire Brigade should be called, and I have no hesitation in saying that this suggestion is one which deserves the most serious consideration, and I may add that we are keeping in close touch with representatives of the Fire Brigade, with a view to such measures as it may be necessary to take in pursuit of our general aim to restore the confidence we all so earnestly desire. . . .'

—*Alex Glendinning* in the *Nineteenth Century*

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The sad lot of women under the totalitarian yoke; Royalty keeps house; a good coin defies the passing years.

Miscellany

I. Women in Totalitaria

By E. Sylvia Pankhurst

From the *Hibbert Journal*, London Quarterly of Philosophy and Theology

Fascism and the emancipation of women are inherently opposed. Fascism is the rule of force. It places woman in a subordinate position under the authority of the fighting male. With the nauseous repetition characteristic of it, it has continued to proclaim its view that the part of women under Fascism is to produce fighting men and to be the entertainment and servant of the tired warrior.

Mussolini in his conversations with Emil Ludwig stated plainly: 'Women must obey. My opinion of the rôle of women in the State is opposed to feminism. If I were to give women the vote, people would laugh at me; in a State like ours they ought not to count.' He added that only one of his ancestors interested him, a Mussolini of Venice who killed his wife because she had been unfaithful to him. He stabbed her twice in the breast and absconded. 'That is what the men of Romagna from whom I am descended are like!'

Since Fascism came to power, a law has been passed that no woman may teach a male person over eleven years of age in a subject which affects the formation of character and, as Fascism takes a very comprehensive view of how character and political opinion may be formed, this has a widely debarring effect.

Few people outside Italy are aware of the astounding degradation in legal and social status suffered by the Italian womanhood under Fascism.

The minimum age for marriage in Italy, hitherto fifteen for girls and eighteen for lads, was reduced to fourteen and sixteen respectively, a deplorably retrograde step which was the more grievous on account of the legally defenseless position of the little girls thus prematurely hastened into matrimony.

The new Italian penal code punishes only what is regarded as the abuse of physical correction and discipline by the head of the family toward his wife

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and children. Only if the physical correction given by him cause the risk to a woman or children of mental or bodily illness is he held to be in fault, and he will then receive no more than six months' imprisonment—instead of five years as in the former code. If the victim dies, the penalty is only eight years, the crime is not regarded as murder under aggravated circumstances, as in the former code. It is clear that an Italian may beat his family as much as he pleases, provided no bones be broken—and even that may be excused.

If a wife, perhaps one of those child-wives of fourteen years, menaced by a beating, flee from her husband's domicile, the police are authorized to track her down and return her and she is liable for her offence to a year's imprisonment or a fine from one to ten thousand lire. The husband is under no such penalties; he is free to go where he will.

Adultery by a wife is punishable by imprisonment for two years, the highest punishment for this offence given by any European country; and few States deal with it as a penal matter. The husband, on the other hand, incurs no penalty unless he keep a mistress and the fact be a matter of public notoriety—which no Fascist Court would ever admit against a Fascist!

Murder 'for motives of honor,' if the murderer be a man, is treated with great indulgence. Under pre-Fascist Italian law the murder of a spouse, a daughter or a sister was punishable by imprisonment from three to seven years, if the murder took place on the discovery of the victim in the very act of illegitimate carnal intercourse. The new Fascist law has extended this leniency to any case in which the victim has at any time had such intercourse—a sort of *paterfamilias* licence of the man not only over his wife but over his daughter and sister.

The code is the product of that barbarous and smutty morality which demands: 'Let my own women be preserved inviolate for my purposes and let me be free to work my will unhindered on any others I may find defenseless!'

While women are savagely punished for any lapse from chastity, rape is treated with the utmost leniency. Virtually all protection of little girls against seduction has been swept away; consent by a girl child, however young, is valid legal excuse for sexual intercourse and its results; only if the girl be under sixteen years and the seducer a married man, and it can further be proved that he concealed from his victim that he was married and seduced her under promise of marriage, does the law recognize that he has committed an offence. In that case he may be punished by from three months' to two years' imprisonment. But he may find a loophole for escape: if he can make the court believe that the girl was already morally corrupted before he seduced her, he goes scot-free.

Under the old Italian code, abduction was punishable by seven years' imprisonment and a woman was held to be a minor until twenty-one years of age. The new code has reduced the age to fourteen years and the maximum penalty to only two or three years if the victim be under fourteen years.

Article 520 of the new code deals with policemen or other functionaries guilty of sexual relations with women prisoners in their custody. This is a highly important matter in Italy,

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since women prisoners and internees are often held solely under male wardership. When the women had been taken by violence, the old code punished such men by from eight to ten years' imprisonment; the new code reduced the maximum punishment to three years.

II

Under the National Socialist government of Hitler, woman bears similar shackles and the imposing of them has been even more sensational and more loudly proclaimed. One German paper observed: 'The self-supporting woman injures man not only by being his competitor but also by depriving him of his pride of being the family's breadwinner.'

The Nazi advent to power meant the immediate exclusion of women from their newly won seats in the Reichstag, the provincial Parliaments and all local legislative bodies to which they had been elected in considerable numbers after they won the rights of citizenship in the Revolution of 1918. A determined move was at once made to exclude women from all employment by public bodies, Government departments, local councils, hospitals and, as far as possible, even schools. All women under thirty-five years were made ineligible for Government employment, and they were debarred if married to husbands in employment or to men of non-Aryan stock. The law of June 30, 1933, provided that married women were to be dismissed from all employment if their superiors considered them sufficiently provided for and unmarried women were also to be dismissed if it were held that they could be supported by parents, brothers or even sisters. Without waiting to pass any law, the Nazi Government had already removed thousands of women from public offices which they had occupied with great dignity and competence during the Republic.

For twenty-five years German women had possessed the right of admission to the Universities and to the practice of professions. Today only 10 per cent of the women students who pass the Baccalaureat (equivalent to matriculation) are permitted to enter the university. The immensity of this injustice can be gathered from the fact that out of 10,500 women who passed this examination in 1934 only 1,000 were permitted to study at the University. More than this, to all save 10 per cent of those who are allowed to enter the University the right of practicing the professions they study for is absolutely refused and even to this small proportion the right is not guaranteed! Whatever may be the number who qualify, only seventy-five women a year are allowed to enter the medical profession. The official doctors' organ has announced: 'The woman doctor is a hermaphrodite who offends the natural and healthy instinct of the people.'

Scientific studies are rigorously reserved to men. In the words of an official communication in the *Kölnische Zeitung:* 'Women must recognize that scientific work is specifically masculine. . . . Woman must never think in a theoretical manner; her brain ought not to occupy itself with abstract things.' Strange sayings, these, in an age which has produced Marie Curie and Maria Montessori!

As teachers, women may only fill subordinate posts. A German teachers' journal observed: 'The men teachers' aversion to women superiors is in

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keeping with the healthy instinct of men.' Everywhere the effort has been to drive women from skilled to unskilled labor in domestic service, on the land and in factory war work, particularly in the making of poison gases and explosives where they are employed at dangerous and debilitating processes.

Unemployed women are drafted to camps, where they wash, mend, clean and must undertake to do all work in house, stable, garden and field and attend lectures in Nazi philosophy after their labor of ten to twelve hours. Receiving no wages, with bad food, crowded together in sheds and barns, sleeping on straw, they live under an iron discipline and are liable to severe punishment. If one of them be dismissed, the fact is stated on her certificate and is a bar to obtaining other work. Large numbers of women from factories, offices, schools, universities and Government departments have been thus drafted in city clothes and high-heeled shoes, to work in the muddy fields for ten to twelve hours daily.

For girls between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one, there is compulsory labor which is equivalent to men's military service. Some are congregated in camps for both domestic and military aid work; others are drafted to domestic work. Women previously employed in responsible and skilled public and professional work have been drafted into the compulsory labor corps for work on the land.

Civilization has for many generations made steady progress in the elimination of women from heavy agricultural labor. Under Nazi rule Germany compels some of her most intellectually gifted women to such work under conditions approximating slavery!

II. The Best-Run Household in Britain

By Esmee Marion Lascelles

From the *Sunday Express*, London Independent Conservative Weekly

BUCKINGHAM PALACE never sleeps. There is always a skeleton staff on duty, both inside and outside the Palace.

But at 6 A.M. in the winter and 4 A.M. in the summer the inside night staff, mainly watchmen, is replaced by the day staff that includes the majority of the Palace's four hundred servants. Then the great building really comes to life.

The cleaning of Buckingham Palace, as also of Windsor Castle, with the hundreds of rooms and intricate corridors, the miles of carpets and endless mirrors, is a mammoth task. Much of it is done by girls who, if this were not Buckingham Palace, would be called mere housemaids.

They are equipped with the latest electric cleaning machines, and three times a year they help the men to lift all the carpets and take down the thousands of curtains for cleaning.

There are, incidentally—thanks to the forethought of King George V—photographs and plans of the exact positions of every object in the palaces. It used to upset him greatly if he found anything out of place.

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One of the first things a maid does in an ordinary household is probably to clean up the rooms which were in use the evening before. This is not true in the case of Buckingham Palace. There, by far the greater part of the cleaning of those rooms in use throughout the day is done overnight. The routine of the palaces generally is so perfect that one might almost imagine they were kept in order by ghosts, for during the day only footmen and valets are seen, except, of course, secretaries and the administrative staff. You might think they did not keep a single woman servant on the premises.

Buckingham Palace's four hundred servants represent almost a hundred different jobs, ranging from royal dressers and wardrobe maids to laundresses: housekeepers, telephone operators, secretaries, canteen and Post Office girls, and every kind of maid. Of the 400, roughly 150 are chambermaids, kitchen workers, seamstresses and so on.

Women's jobs of all kinds in the royal palaces are eagerly sought after, although the wages offered are no higher than those received in any large household, except, of course, the posts of responsibility. There is, also, a pension scheme for Palace servants, which automatically comes into force after nine years' service.

If you were able to sit somewhere in a busy part of Buckingham Palace —say, in the main hall, at the foot of the grand staircase—and stayed there for a few hours, you would probably be much puzzled by the number of people you saw hurrying to and fro.

You would wonder what each of them did there, how the separate energies of so many could possibly be united into one smoothly-running system. Actually, the running of the chief residence of the British Sovereign is almost as complicated as that of a great industrial corporation. But it is quite free from hitches. Centuries of experience and custom have gone to its formation.

II

It really consists of two households under the same roof—the King's and the Queen's. Each is divided into departments. Each has its chief, and so, finally, control is traced back to the handful of people who make up the King's and Queen's closest circle.

The practical head of the Queen's household is the Mistress of the Robes, who is never below ducal rank, and who, by custom, changes with the Government of the day.

Then come the Ladies of the Bedchamber. Queen Victoria had eight, but in Queen Alexandra's time this number was reduced to six, and has remained at that level since. The Ladies of the Bedchamber are all peeresses and, after her own personal friends, they form the group most intimately associated with the Queen. One of them is always on duty.

The Queen has four Maids of Honor who, by reason of their office, are entitled to be called 'honorable.' They are almost always the daughters or the granddaughters of peers.

Important people under the Mistress of the Wardrobe are the royal dressers, who are really the ladies' maids of the Palace. They attend not only to the Queen, but to all women guests at the Palace.

Then there are the wardrobe maids, who have charge of the Queen's clothes. Immense thought and care

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are given by the Queen's dressmakers to turning her out in as perfect a manner as they can devise.

A number of other people in the Palace could, if they wished, betray important royal confidences. These are the various secretaries, clerks, telephone girls, and so on. Every now and then the King's and the Queen's private secretaries go through the mass of royal correspondence which accumulates, and put a large part of it aside for destruction. This is then pushed through a machine which blacks out every scrap of writing. Each sheet is then torn into small pieces and burned.

On the death of King George V. several hundredweights of paper were blacked out. It was Queen Victoria who invented this discreet procedure.

Buckingham Palace laundry costs £6,000 a year to run. It saves twice that sum. It is operated largely by girls directed by skilled engineers. Here is washed every washable article used by the scores of Palace departments. Recently, drycleaning apparatus was installed to deal with tapestries and similar articles.

In charge of the laundry, the linen room and the staff of twenty women whose job is scrubbing and polishing are the housekeepers, of whom there are three in the Palace. They see that all work is done properly, check in and out towels, pillow-slips, sheets, curtains. They draw up weekly lists of the stores they need and pass them on to the steward.

These housekeepers, who are well paid and often qualified to hold down organizing jobs with big salaries outside, are the key women in the domestic life of the Palace. When Queen Mary presided over the Palace, she was a personal friend of her chief housekeeper, and quite often took her to domestic exhibitions which she thought might give her some useful ideas.

III. The Career of a Coin

From the *Banker*, London Financial Monthly

IN THE year 1753 the Empress of Austria, Maria Theresa, authorized the Mint at Vienna to strike and put into circulation a silver coin which was intended not only to circulate in the then kingdom of Austria and the other realms of which she was the nominal head, but also to be used in trade with foreign countries, as was the custom of the times. Little did she or the Master of her Mint dream that the coin would live for over 150 years both in physical circulation and in the writing of monetary theorists.

This interesting coin is called a 'Thaler,' a name which, according to the dictionary, is a shortened form of 'Joachimstaler,' a coin first made at the Joachimstal silver mines in Bohemia (formerly in Czecho-Slovakia, but now German territory). From the same Germanic origin comes the word 'Dollar,' for the explanation of which one need hardly refer to the dictionary! There have been, of course, 'dalers,' 'talers' and 'thalers' other than the one to which we are now referring: the original German taler was

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a piece equivalent to three marks, which has long disappeared from circulation.

In appearance the Maria Theresa coin is a distinguished, solid lump of metal, about the size of a five-shilling piece, containing more than four-fifths of the precious metal, silver, to less than one-fifth alloy. The prominent nose of the famous Empress is reminiscent of the early Georges of our own Royal line; her double chin pays tribute to her capacity at the table, in common with other monarchs of her times, and in less masculine company the writer could refer at greater length to the coiffeur's art and fashions in *décolletage*. The obverse side of the coin bears the Imperial arms of Austria (why, one wonders, was heraldry in those days so obsessed with eagles?). Round the edge, in place of milling, appear the words '*Justitia et Clementia.*'

This thaler undoubtedly possesses, in an outstanding degree, the properties of a good coin. It is easily recognized; it not only 'looks good,' but it retains its appearance in use; it wears well and is not easily sweated. Small wonder, then, that it came to be used far from its place of origin. Its gradual dissemination through trade channels is not, really, very surprising when one knows the main reason; it was, and is, a good 'commodity money,' *i.e.*, it is made of a commodity freely acceptable even in uncivilized countries. It has always been worth at least its bullion value in exchange for goods and services; thus, though its use has on occasion involved trade disturbbances due to a monetary cause, on the whole the fluctuations in its purchasing power have been gradual, and the many people who have used it have generally failed to observe the fault which might be attributed to it, in common with other 'Commodity' measures of general value. The piece has often proved acceptable for hoarding, and there is no doubt that wherever backward nations use silver some of these coins are in long stockings.

II

To say that this thaler has been widely used is really quite a modest statement. It is no wonder that it should have traveled long distances, when it is remembered that the Vienna which originally produced it was of vastly greater relative importance than it is today in the trade of the world, as then developed: even on the fringes of the mercantile world the coin was naturally acceptable. It was not unknown in China, and elsewhere in the Far East; even, in many places, it has been persistently used in preference to coins which were given by law the proud place of 'legal tender.' While it is still widely used in Arabia, Sudan and Aden, it would not be refused in other parts of East Africa or by Indian natives. But perhaps the most intriguing chapter in its history is that in which it is associated with the story of Ethiopia. There it was the virtual standard until the Italian invasion, when it disappeared into hiding places; now it is being minted in Rome, but it remains to be seen whether the new issue will circulate side by side with the old, or whether the operation of Gresham's Law will tend to retain the older pieces in their present obscure hiding-places.

It was announced in the *Times* of June 7th, 1938, that the Royal Mint is now striking large quantities of the

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famous thalers. With becoming reticence, the *Times* correspondent omits the name of the country which ordered them, and refers but vaguely to 'certain Eastern countries' in which the new coins are to be used. Whether that is farther east than Aden we are left to conjecture, and the present writer respects the veil of mystery behind which the Mint prefers to work—nevertheless, it is intriguing to wonder whether, possibly, in another 150 years' time some equally romantic mind may again search for the origin of a coin which might, even then, still be in circulation.

III

The part played by the thaler in the last few years on the chess-board of international politics is more than that of a mere pawn. The coin was minted in Vienna, as occasion demanded, right down to 1935. In that year, however, when Mussolini started his conquest of Ethiopia, the Italians purchased from the Vienna Mint the original matrices and stamping machines in which the coin had been struck.

This apparently good diplomatic stroke was spoiled of its full effect by the clumsy move with which Italy tried to follow up the initial advantage: after the conquest, coins purporting to be genuine thalers were struck, but they contained less than the traditional fineness of silver, and they were not absorbed into circulation. An even more clumsy move was next made, when paper lire were sent to the new colony for use as money—the only effect being to enhance the premium quoted by money-changers for the original good coins. This premium rose to over 50 per cent on the normal exchange value of 2 shillings. Meanwhile, the sale of the original matrices by the Vienna Mint, which had hitherto been allowed a monopoly in the minting of Maria Theresa thalers, was followed by their being minted in several other centers.

At this time the Royal Mint in London was asked to coin thalers, and the Belgian and French Mints were not slow to follow suit. The increased supply caused the premium to fall away to small proportions in the summer of 1937, and by the first quarter of 1938 the exchange value had fallen to about 18 pence, at which level the existing bullion price of silver left a margin of not more than 5 per cent to cover the expenses and profit of coining. During the second quarter of last year, the tendency was for the premium to rise again as a result of increased demand from Aden, a demand which was indirectly attributable to increased trade activity in the vicinity: it is said that this activity was the outcome of oil discoveries in Arabia.

When the terms of the Anglo-Italian Agreement were being discussed, it was freely rumored that one of the clauses would signal a cessation of the London minting of the thaler. Whether such a move was actually mooted remains an unsolved mystery, since the document finally initialed contains no reference to it: so we are left to confront the doubtful jade called Rumor with the more solid effigy of the Austrian Archduchess who has proved to posterity that one cannot play at dictators with monetary economics.

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No good can come of it when a transient gypsy tribe mixes with the villagers.

The Gypsies are Here!

By Michel Maurette

Translated from *Marianne*
Paris Liberal Weekly

Fougerand had engaged a tribe of gypsies to help his workers with the gathering of the grapes. The village of Pla d'Aude was much scandalized, and commented on it with much bitterness.

'To think that he is not disgusted by them!' they exclaimed. 'Just fancy, gypsies!'

Even the laborers felt humiliated. When teased about their fellow vintagers, they pretended they did not hear and walked away hastily. The young men had dreamed for six months of pretty young girls to help them gather grapes.

'The boss will have to keep police around the vineyards,' they grumbled.

They anticipated fights, and that spoiled for them the long awaited vintage feast. Besides, to undertake so delicate, careful and minute an operation as vintage with a troup of gypsies, who are notorious for their abhorrence of all honest work, was really too much.

For three days the tribe lived in a meadow near a cemetery. The vintage was about a week off when the gypsies sent out their youngsters for provisions. Dirty, ragged children, wearing men's shoes many sizes too large, strolled nonchalantly through the streets, knocked at the doors and waited patiently. From time to time they would lift their eyes to the windows and scrutinize sharply the closed blinds behind which they felt unfriendly eyes watching them. Then the silence would be broken by the imperious injunction:—

'We have nothing to give you. Now get out!'

The children, somewhat surprised at this reception, did their best to arouse sympathy.

'My good lady, we are six brothers, give us something, for God's sake. Anything, a little bread, a tomato. Or perhaps you have a dress you could give my sister. . . .'

They would be interrupted with the admonition: 'Go ask Fougerand!'

Since the children had no softening

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effect on the hearts of the villagers, Ventura, the gypsy chief, decided to send the women.

Nuria, the youngest, had stuck a tall comb into her black hair and thrown on her shoulders a lustrous red and gold shawl. Her small brown feet peeped from beneath her long skirts. She was enchanting. Francesca, older and homelier, all dressed in black, looked like a witch. Each carried an overflowing bell-shaped basket. They went from house to house, Nuria with lace to sell, and Francesca offering to tell fortunes. They had no more success than the children.

II

Ever since the gypsies' coming, the monotony of the village life was broken up. The village might have belonged to them; they were constantly coming and going. At all hours of the day a ragged youngster, himself no bigger than a bottle, would be strutting down the middle of the street, carrying a liter of wine. At Fougerand's house, twenty times a day, the knocker banged against the door and the same whining, monotonous, indefatigable plaint sounded in the corridor:—

'More wine, if you please, sir.'

'Again?' Fougerand would sigh, rising to his feet.

At first he had relegated this duty to his servants, but a secret hostility was established between them and the gypsies. The servants performed their duty with surly unwillingness, which the gypsy brats met with polite effrontery, asking maliciously:

'You aren't the boss here, are you?'

'What's that to you anyhow?' Mousque, the old valet, grumbled.

A scornful smile tugged at the corners of the child's mouth. He bent his head a little and embarked upon a low-voiced litany of insults.

'You big fat soup-eater, you give me wine but you yourself are nothing. You're just a drudge; you bend your spine. Not like us—we travel, we have our own cart—with a license, just like an automobile. . . .'

'Dirty race,' Mousque muttered between his teeth, thrusting the bottle of wine into the child's hand.

It was like this every time. The servants could not vie with the brats in this irritating game and the master of the house himself finally had to look after them. Every time they came to the house they would wheedle some food or clothes from him.

The grapes grew ripe.

On the evening before the vintage started, Fougerand went over to talk to the gypsies. A great bonfire was burning on the meadow. The flames shot up as high as the tops of the cypresses, twisting a little, because there was no wind. The entire camp was celebrating. Swift shadows whirled around the fire. The gypsies, with sickles in their hands, were dancing an interminable bolero. They advanced toward each other with swift mincing steps, pirouetted and pranced in mad arabesques. Their castanets crackled like the blazing vine-roots in the bonfire. The older men gravely plucked at their guitars. Two old nags of a malefic appearance were browsing peacefully in the shadow of the plane trees that lined the road.

The whole tribe surrounded Fougerand.

'We begin tomorrow at dawn,' said Fougerand without another preamble. 'Bring something to eat with you.

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We'll stop work at seven o'clock every morning for a bite.'

He was interrupted by protests from all sides.

'Stopping work to eat? Never,' a tall gypsy woman cried. 'A grape or two'll be enough for us. You can't take your time gathering grapes. Supposing a rain comes and spoils the whole vintage?'

The entire tribe agreed, all gypsies crying out as one: 'Here's to good vintage!'

Fougerand could not believe his ears. The enthusiasm was so great that at a word from him, the night being calm and clear, the gypsies would have gone out to gather grapes in the moonlight.

III

It was different the next day. The heat was unbearable, and the vintage progressed slowly. The gypsies could easily have kept up with the others if they wanted to; but they were falling back. The men had an absent air; the children squatted idly underneath the vine branches; the women dreamed of shady resting places that they knew along the roads.

The carriers were smoking their pipes underneath the great willow tree near the river. From time to time, at a signal from the vintagers, one of them would detach himself from the idle group with his basket, and saunter with a leisurely step to pick up a load of collected grapes.

Suddenly the whole crowd started as if under the blow of a whip. The rows of workers closed like links of a chain and the carriers set off on their rounds at a brisker pace.

Fougerand, the master had arrived. Oh, he was in no hurry at all. With his usual tact, he wanted to give his workers time to recover. He was approaching slowly—one would almost say that he was not looking around him. But here and there he would glean the overlooked grapes; he picked them delicately, lifting them up for all to see; he would describe an eloquent circle in the air, before dropping them into his hat. It was as if he exclaimed aloud: 'Look, you have left a grape behind you. . . .'

Fougerand has found first a vine that had not been touched, then a whole row. He went directly to the gypsies milling around the fruit-wall. The task was not advancing very fast. The whole tribe was crowding around a vine heavy with grapes, shouting, swearing and pushing. The master quietly arranged them in proper places.

He noticed in the tribe an ancient gypsy, a deaf mute. Her lips were moving in inaudible but visible imprecations; her hands were trembling, her eyes were dull and lifeless. Wracked by rheumatism, she worked on her knees. Fougerand kept away from her, disturbed by her grunted wordless explanations, punctuated with little shrill yelps. But every time he passed her, the old woman would rear herself up to face him and grin, looking like a grimacing hyena.

In this ragged crew Nuria was like a pearl on a dungheap. She was a young girl of fifteen years, brown with the hue of her race, with ardently glowing eyes, dilated rosy nostrils and ripe red lips. She moved gracefully among the vines, her long, tapering fingers searching swiftly through the vine-leaves.

Nuria's great charm was in her great black eyes, the serenity and confidence of whose gaze belied her

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timid demeanor. Looking deep into them, one would see flames leaping in their depths. More than once, passing within their range, Fougerand felt the blood course warmer through his veins. His heart was troubled and touched at the sight of this surely as yet unpolluted flower. Fifteen years—the flowering time, the dawn of life.

Fougerand approached her and asked her amicably:

'How is it going . . .?'

'Not badly, monsieur,' she answered, slowly, 'not badly. Of course, the kids aren't trained. They don't follow well and spoil the work of the whole group. It is kind of you to be so patient.'

Fougerand was touched and surprised. This gypsy girl was so amiable, so gentle and understanding.

'If you would train your brothers a little, they could help you—this way the work is tiring you,' he suggested.

'Not brothers, no—cousins,' she murmured with disdain. Then she added: 'I myself would follow easily if not for the little one. . . .'

'You mean this youngster beside you?' and Fougerand pointed to a woolly-headed brat at her side.

'No, the little one—the little one,' she insisted with a grave little smile.

She lowered her eyes to her belly, where appeared, hardly perceptible, a beginning of gentle rotundity.

IV

Ventura was a tall fat gypsy, whose robust appearance was in sharp contrast with that of the other members of the tribe. He was the chieftain.

He worked in the vineyard together with others, but deep in his heart he felt that things were not going well. The members of his tribe had lost all their arrogance and loquacity. Gathering grapes seemed a heavy task—surely the pace was too swift.

Ventura tried several times to tell the boss about it; but the boss simply had no time for him.

Once or twice, as he passed by, Ventura grumbled in a tone loud enough to reach his ears: 'This is not work—it's plain suicide.'

But Fougerand did not hear him.

Meanwhile, in the cellar the pursy casks were waiting. Docilely squatting on their short stone legs, they gorged on the vintage, weeping jocund tears of wine. Ever since the summer, their iron-ribbed bellies were being filled.

The cellar echoed with the rumbling sound of their fermentation as they ruminated their feast, sometimes disgorging a thick red froth that trickled down their solid sides.

Fougerand made many appearances in the wine cellar but he would never linger. His presence was needed at the vineyard; for this year with the gypsies helping to gather in grapes, his mind was not at rest. He went back with hurried steps, taking a short-cut through the field. Before entering the vineyard he would usually stop awhile to give his vintagers time to recover if they had been idling.

But today he was more preoccupied than usual. Figures, lively audacious gnomes, peopled his head. They clambered over each other like monkeys, whirling about until there was a chaos in his head.

He shook his head impatiently and quickened his step. In a moment he would see the long line of his vintagers, eating into the vineyards like a harmless hydra. But as he came over the

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hill, an unexpected spectacle held him nailed to the spot.

The line was shaken by violent convulsions. The sound of frenzied dispute resounded over the vineyards, accompanied by violent gestures. The vintagers, having ceased their work, faced each other, brandishing their pruning shears and shouting imprecations. Local workers were aligned against the gypsies.

The gypsy chief had drawn the sickle that he always wore in his voluminous belt. His wives, furies unloosed from hell, were clustered around him, calling down maledictions upon the heads of their enemies.

'Let's go away from here,' Francesca shrilled. 'And curses on this race of dogs!'

Some one cried: 'The master!' The crowd scattered. Ventura, with a resigned air, made a gesture as if he were cutting a knot and stuck his weapon back behind his belt. '*Vaja!*' he said.

The gypsies were slipping out of the vineyards, scuttling across the meadow to their wagon. Ventura walked to meet the master and stopped at a distance.

'We are going!' he said.

'What does this mean?' Fougerand rejoined, hurrying toward him. 'The vintage is not finished!'

'I am leaving before I commit a crime! I have just stopped short of breaking the heads of those *fils de puta* that work for you . . .' and Ventura bared his white teeth that gleamed dangerously in his tanned face. Somber light flashed from his dark eyes.

'But why? Has anybody offended you?'

'Those bastards,' Ventura cried, suddenly transfigured by rage. 'They claim that we are not gathering your grapes well, that we aren't wanted in the gang, that we are taking the bread out of their mouths. They threatened me until I promised them a bloody vintage if they came nearer with their sticks! "We are going to collect grapes alone," I told them, "alone and for nothing! For the joy and pleasure of the vintage! We don't want money—we shall strip the master's vineyard for nothing!"

'They trembled in their boots, fearing for their wages. Then we saw you on the hill and I decided to talk to you—you are the master, you will decide.'

Ventura's voice softened, as his anger seemed to abate.

'I must tell you something. I am very sorry. I know that you prefer us. But I would advise you to keep the others. We have broken our tribal law in engaging to work for you—for it is forbidden to us of the road to work for profit. Every time we tried to work has meant bad luck. You see, it's really better for us to go. You will be able to finish your vintage with your own workers. . . .'

Fougerand remonstrated, more for the sake of form than anything else; although mindful of his loss, he could not help being relieved.

'Where do you intend to go now?' he asked.

'We shall fulfill our mission, which is to travel through the world without doing anybody harm. I know we are often accused of the worst crimes—stealing chickens, for example,' he lowered his voice confidentially. 'Well, about those chickens—it isn't that I mean to disparage the food you eat, but we don't like them at all!'

The master laughed. He cut the

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parting short, being in a hurry to get back to the vineyard and rearrange his laborers.

'What a gypsy,' he said to himself, still chuckling as he went back to his workers.

V

The gypsies slept late the next day and were awakened only by the noise made by the laborers on their way to the vineyard. Ventura stuck his head out through a hole in the canvas cover of the wagon and surveyed the country around him.

The sun had not yet penetrated through the thick morning mists, and the village still had a sleepy look. To Ventura's disillusioned eyes, it looked highly unattractive. The houses seemed unusually low, and the roofs had a drooping, hangdog air, like a beggar's battered hat.

'To think that people spend their whole lives here,' he grumbled. 'From the house to the vineyard, from the vineyard to the house. Always the same view, the same road, always going through the same gestures and thinking the same things. In the evening they come back to the village like cows to their stable. It is strange,' he said, 'how we have no attachments. We just wander on, and that's all.'

The light mist lifted, revealing the vintagers going over the hill.

'Just like wood lice,' said Ventura. He hated those insects. 'Ugh!' He turned to his wagon and cried out: 'Up with all of you. We are leaving in five minutes.'

The road which the gypsies were to follow skirted the vineyards, and the vintagers could not help but watch it as they worked. 'It will be strange to see them pass, the vermin,' said Mousque, his voice full of resentment. As he uttered these words, somebody cried:—

'Here they come!'

The Bohemians had passed the village gate. Going down the hill, the nag went a little faster, to the great joy of the whole tribe. When the wagon came abreast of the vineyard, it stopped. The vintagers exchanged looks of dismay, not knowing what to expect. Perhaps an attack was forthcoming?

Then, at every hole, at every tear in the canvas of the wagon, a head appeared, and the gypsies shouted their farewell to Fougerand's vintagers at the top of their lungs.

'Gypsies' leavings!'

Having expressed the full measure of their resentment and disgust in this supreme insult, the gypsies continued on their way. The wagon dwindled in the distance and soon was lost in a cloud of dust from the eyes of the outraged laborers.

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THE AMERICAN SCENE

THE German refugee problem has probably caused more concern in this country than elsewhere because of our humanitarian traditions. Most of those fleeing from persecutions in Greater Germany have settled in Eastern cities, creating considerable friction, however justified or unjustified, in such professions as medicine, teaching and musical entertainment. Very soon this friction may assume proportions of a size demanding national action.

It seems to one observer that a possible solution to the refugee problem in this country—and it is thrown out here merely as a suggestion—would be to open the state of Nevada to them with sufficient incentives to make it attractive to a large number of them. About four times the size of the former Austrian Republic and ten times the size of Belgium, Nevada has only about 110,000 population. It has untold mineral wealth and a huge number of live stock, and irrigation systems have gradually been turning its arid land into tillable soil. What several hundred thousand enterprising refugees could do to it can hardly be imagined. In all likelihood, they would turn the state into one of the liveliest industrial and cultural centers on the Continent. A university might be founded which could call upon some of the finest contemporary minds, including a dozen or so Nobel Prize winners, making it obligatory for all wishing the best instruction in medicine, psychology, sociology and music to go to the state hitherto made famous only by Reno.

Fortunately, the Federal government can open most of the state to refugees of its own volition, for it owns some 82 per cent of the commonwealth's land. If it should decide to offer the settlers long term loans and other assistance, it would probably be repaid manyfold in a short space of time. What the Mormons did in Utah, the refugees could do equally well in Nevada.

WILLIAM P. MACCRACKEN, JR., former secretary of the American Bar Association, recently pointed out, in a talk before the Chicago Bar Association, a matter of great importance that has not received the attention it deserves. He said that the multiplication of administrative bodies in the state and Federal governments holds a potential threat to the democratic system. 'As a matter of fact, the techniques of many of our governmental bureaus are precisely those which have been effectively utilized in countries like Germany and Russia to center all power in the state and obliterate liberties.' This statement must be put down as largely alarmist, yet it contains considerable truth, particularly in view of the fact, commented upon even by liberal lawyers, that administrative rulings do not often come under the control of the courts. A verdict in a lower court can generally be appealed four or five times, while a ruling by a governmental bureau usually stands, either because no further legal recourse is provided or because courts over-rule administrative bodies.

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THE mounting power of the Townsend and similar old-age-security movements can be gauged by two recent happenings in Massachusetts and California. Dr. Townsend has just spent three days in the Bay State, solidifying the enormous gains his ideas made there in the last elections, and winning from the Republican administration a promise of coöperation. In California an agitation has begun for local communities, especially San Francisco, to support with public monies forums where the merits and demerits of the various old-age-security plans could be discussed. Intelligent people there have been alarmed by the growth of all sorts of dubious plans assuring men and women a plenitude of riches if only they will subscribe to their panaceas.

THE new life shown by these panaceas can perhaps be ascribed to the awakening of the people to the strange economic facts of contemporary American life. During the past four months business activity has declined sharply. According to figures issued by the Federal Reserve Board, the index of industrial production has steadily fallen from 104 in December of last year to about 93 in April of the present year. These statistics seem to indicate that the upturn in the latter half of 1938 was only a flurry, and that perhaps the nation will soon have to suffer another holocaust of 1929, barring, of course, the eventuality of war in Europe, which would accelerate business enormously. Meanwhile the people are only a little better off, discounting relief money, than they were in 1930. But business profits in the first quarter of the current year top the profits in the same quarter of last year by 52 per cent, and the entire wealth of the nation has apparently increased by 33 per cent. The old-age-security schemes, as the New Deal has often pointed out, would not do away with this bizarre situation, and some of them border on the preposterous, but in desperation men and women have always gone after strange gods and placed their hopes in the most distant paradises.

HALF of Milwaukee's 700,000 population is of German origin, and hence has long been subjected to vigorous Nazi propaganda, but the facts indicate that Hitlerism does not enjoy much favor there; less, it would seem, than in New York and Philadelphia, for in the latter two cities the municipal governments have not gone to the same lengths to scotch Nazism that Mayor Hoan's government in the beer city has been forced to go. A resolution of the Common Council there gives the authorities the right to revoke licenses of taverns and dance halls where secret societies meet, thereby driving the Nazis into the hinterland. But even there they have difficulties, for the Wisconsin Federation of German-American Societies has repeatedly ejected delegates who showed any tendency to veer the organization along pro-Nazi lines. Finally, the Milwaukee police, even previous to the aforementioned resolution, has kept a close watch on Nazi agitators. Thus the home of Schlitz beer has now something else—and far more important—to advertise to the nation.

PROFESSOR Edward L. Thorndike of Columbia University points out in a recent study, *Your City*, that in cities where 'the general goodness of

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life for good people' is highest, the number of artists, teachers, musicians and engineers tends to be largest, while the number of clergymen and churchgoers tends to be relatively low. If by churchgoers Dr. Thorndike refers only to communicants of the traditional Catholic, Protestant and Jewish beliefs, one cannot disagree with him, but if he includes in the term people who go to any place of organized spiritual exercise, one must submit a few caveats.

The religions that have sprung up during the past fifty years, out of the East by psychoanalysis, attract more people in metropolitan centers than in the hinterland. The power of Christian Science in Boston, New York, Chicago and San Francisco far exceeds its power in less populated sections. The same applies to such organized faiths as Bahai, Jewish Science, the Church of the Truth, Divine Science, New Thought, Spiritual Science, Theosophy Vedanta. A Dr. Emmet Fox, pastor of the Church of the Healing Christ, fills the Hippodrome to capacity nearly every week. Finally one must not forget Father Divine and his enormous flock, composed to a very large extent of New Yorkers.

Metropolitan men and women may not frequent the orthodox churches, but they do frequent all sorts of cult gatherings, searching for a solace they do not seem to be able to find elsewhere. That solace must be put down as largely imaginary, so that however superior city folk may feel to their rural neighbors on other grounds, in the matter of faith they probably have no reason to sneer at them.

ONE of the most truly heartening things now taking place in the United States is the tremendous anti-war movement, sponsored by no ascertainable pacifist or radical organization but apparently springing from the people themselves, spontaneously and continuously. Members of both Houses in Congress report that of late they have been receiving an average of about 1,000 letters and telegrams from their constituents urging the legislators to do all in their power to keep this country out of any war in Europe. Senator George Norris of Nebraska described the experience of his colleagues when he said: 'Every one who writes me wants to keep out of war. My correspondents also seem to have it in for Germany, Japan, and Italy. They protest especially against our selling Japan war materials to use to fight China. There are all kinds of opinions about the methods we ought to use. But nobody wants war.' And Senator Taft of Ohio has said: 'A very considerable part of my mail . . . is concerned with foreign policy. All insist that we remain neutral and keep out of war. . . . I get a few but only a few "highbrow" letters urging that we should help the democracies.'

Obviously the people have taken the ghastly lesson of 1917 very much to heart, and the monkeyshines of the bogus European democracies during the past five years have only intensified their desire to keep aloof from them, at least in the matter of armed conflict. Fortunately, the strange jingoism of several elements in the liberal and radical ranks has made little impression on the common men and women. They listened to one such idealist twenty-two years ago, and they can't forget what a horrible price they paid for what seems more and more like absolutely nothing.

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THE testimony before the Senate Labor Committee revealed, first, that the National Labor Relations Board has been eminently fair in its rulings, and, second, that the basic differences between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. become less and less visible as time goes on. Mr. J. Warren Madden, chairman of the Board, showed that in seventy-four cases in which the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. struggled for jurisdictional supremacy, the Board favored the A. F. of L. thirty-five times and the C. I. O. thirty times, the remaining cases being disposed of in less direct fashion. He further pointed out that the A. F. of L. has asked for industrial unions more than twice as often as it asked for strictly craft organizations. Thus it becomes clear that the fundamental issue of industrial unionism versus craft unionism, which caused the original split between the two groups, has practically disappeared.

An important factor, probably, in hindering unity between the two groups is the belief in certain quarters that the A. F. of L. has always been a conservative organization. At times it has been, but a study of its history should lead the most radical labor agitator to the conclusion that the fight for the eight-hour day and better working conditions got most of its inspiration from Samuel Gompers, who headed the Federation from its founding in 1886 (with the exception of one year) to his death in 1924. He made plenty of mistakes, but the legacy he left the Federation compares favorably with the leadership Mr. John L. Lewis has given the C. I. O., and Mr. Lewis would very likely be the first to admit it.

THE matter of court delay has worried the legal profession as well as provided subject matter for humorists, but all the while it has caused severe hardship to litigants, especially to the poor. The latter have often had to wait five and six years to present a small collection case in court, and when finally judgment was rendered in their favor, it has taken them another year or two to collect. By that time all possible good which the judgment might have done them has disappeared. Small claims, arbitration, and conciliation courts have somewhat hurried up justice, but not to any great extent. Attorney-General Murphy, who is rapidly becoming one of the most competent men ever to occupy his position, recently brought the matter of delay before the conference of Federal district attorneys. He called upon Circuit Judge Ira W. Wayne of Detroit to describe how the criminal courts, by good organization, have reduced delay in trial in felony cases from about two years to eight months, and how the civil courts have done nearly the same good work. One hopes that at long last, spurred on by Mr. Murphy's efforts, other cities and other states will do something to expedite the administration of justice. —C. A.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

Mr. Chamberlain Takes Vigorous Action

Mr. Chamberlain puts his fishing-rod in his umbrella case and marches up to his secretary:

MR. CHAMBERLAIN: Miss, to work. It shall not be said that the speed of events has taken us by surprise. Where were we last time?

SECRETARY (*consulting her notes*): Let me see, last time. . . . Yes, last time you dictated to me that His Majesty's Government refused to——

MR. CHAMBERLAIN: Ah, now I remember. His Majesty's Government refuses to recognize the *fait accompli* in Ethiopia. And it demands a formal assurance that . . . *well, what?*

SECRETARY: That's to say . . . actually, last time wasn't Ethiopia. It was——

MR. CHAMBERLAIN: Austria! Of course, Austria. What *was* I thinking of? Austria, as you said. *Well, what?*

SECRETARY: The fact is, last time we had got to Czecho-Slovakia.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN (*rubbing his hands*): Oh! Really? (*with a pitying smile*). And there are people who reproach us with letting ourselves be overwhelmed by the speed of events. . . . As regards the Sudetens, I have already taken the necessary steps, you say?

SECRETARY: Actually, we had already begun to compose a note about the Czechs.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN: Of course, we were in the middle of it. Read it out, will you?

SECRETARY: 'His Majesty's Government . . .' (*she reads aloud the British Note*).

MR. CHAMBERLAIN (*concluding:* '. . . and demands an assurance that this military action will be localized. . . .' I am sure England's attitude will make them think twice before they do anything more.

SECRETARY: By the way, are we protesting about Memel, too?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN: Memel? Oh! of course! *Of course*, we are protesting about Memel. (*wiping his forehead*) They say those chaps have sworn not to leave us a single week-end in peace.

SECRETARY: And about Albania?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN: Oh! Please! Not all at once. If you mix me up, I shall never get it straight again. . . . Albania, Albania. . . ?

SECRETARY: I happen to have here a copy of the British Note about the Balearics. Perhaps that will do?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN (*who thinks this a brilliant idea*): Why, of course! Why didn't we think of that sooner? Certainly it will do. Just substitute Durazzo for Majorca and——(*the telephone rings*) Hallo! What? It's now *whose* turn, did you say? Whose? Greece's and Yugo——? What? All right, all right. (*Coldly determined*) Miss!

SECRETARY: Yes, sir?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN: Miss, have the British Protest multigraphed twenty-four times, leaving the name of the country blank. It shall not be said, I repeat, that the swiftness of events has taken us by surprise. (*He takes up his fishing-rod.*)

SECRETARY: Are you going to fish again?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN: No, I am going to fish again.

—André Guerin in *Canard Enchaîné*

Smith and Mr. Brown

The fisherfolk of the Northeast of Scotland are a people apart, proud of their calling and its danger, contemptuous of those who live by the safer ways of the land. They are also exceedingly proud of the fact that Christ took disciples from amongst the fishermen of Galilee, and because of it they take a very casual way with ministers, who are indeed their servants literally.

The other day a fisherman in a Moray village arrived at the door of the Manse where lived a minister we may call Smith. The fisherman's name may go as Brown. The fisherman banged on the door, and when the maid came he said very brusquely, 'Is Smith in?'

'Yes,' answered the rather startled girl.

'Weel,' went on the visitor, 'tell him Mr. Brown is here tae see him.'.

—*Manchester Guardian*

So Sorry

A French journalist living in Tokyo once finished a letter he was writing with the following words: 'I should like to tell you more, but unfortunately I can't because all the letters are opened and read by censors.'

The next day he received a visit from a

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Japanese official, who, after the greetings were exchanged, proceeded to assure him earnestly of his error.

'For,' he said, 'we *never* open letters!'

—*Lumière*, Paris

Those Tactless Americans

Mr. Bullitt, the American Ambassador in Paris, recently gave a dinner party in honor of President Lebrun. To this dinner M. Osusky, former Czech Minister in Paris, was also invited. We hear that M. Bonnet made four attempts during the course of the day to persuade the American Ambassador that it would be better to 'avoid difficulties' by withdrawing the Czech invitation. Mr. Bullitt's only and typically American reaction was to give M. Osusky the seat of honor.

—*Time and Tide*, London

Good Timing

Foreign observers here explain why the Duce decided on the occupation of Albania immediately after the birth of the heir apparent. The explanation is simple: in order to celebrate the birth of the royal infant, the Albanian authorities had 101 rounds fired, and the country was for the moment disarmed.

—*Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

All Say Aye

Hitler sent a message to Bürckel: 'It has been brought to my attention that there are some grumblers in Vienna. Please send me a list of same. . . .'

Whereupon Bürckel sent the Vienna telephone book to Hitler.

—*Österreichische Post*, Paris

Prudence

'How did they treat you in the concentration camp?'

'Well, I cannot complain. The food was excellent, four satisfying meals a day; music on Sundays; comfortable bedrooms . . . and we were treated in an absolutely correct manner.'

'Hm, that's funny. Some time ago I met X. who was in the same concentration camp, and he told me that it was a veritable hell.'

'May be. But X. has been sent back again in the meantime.'

—*Haagsche Post*

Hope Springs Eternal

It is said in some quarters that we cannot trust Italy. But if we pursue our course, acting on the assumption that Mussolini's assurances can be relied on, we do no damage to our position.

—*Daily Express*, London

The Eager Unborn

More than 3,000 Red Cross workers were mobilized to serve in the crowded streets during the celebrations of Hitler's birthday and take care not only of accidents, but, according to the newspaper *Zwölf Uhr Blatt*, of premature births which may occur because 'the future Hitler Youth member cannot await the hour at which he will be launched into the Reich.'

—*Daily Mirror*, London

No More Beer!

Hitler is planning to forbid the sale of alcoholic beverages in Germany. He wants to transform the totalitarian state into a teetotalitarian state.

—*Daily Telegraph and Morning Post* London

Sensitive!

Here is a charming story about Rachmaninoff. It seems that at one period he avoided London while playing in every other capital, and a reporter was despatched to his home in Switzerland to find out the reason. Pulling off his gardening gloves, Rachmaninoff said: 'When last I played in your great city your leading musical critic said I was improving. I wait until I improve some more!'

—James Agate

Political Shopping

A customer came into a store and asked for oranges. 'I am sorry,' said the shop owner, 'I have no oranges to day.' Hereupon the customer asked for butter—there was no butter either. Then he inquires about almonds. At that point, the shop owner became angry: Have you come here to buy something or to talk about politics?

—*Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant*, Rotterdam

Classicist

Teacher: So what did Ulysses do when he heard the sirens?

Pupil: He put on his gas mask.

—*Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

New English Slogans

Still Going Wrong.
Status Woe.

—*De Groene Amsterdammer*

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Mexico's Literary Scene Grows Brighter

By Maurice Halperin

THIS year may not produce the long awaited 'flowering' of Mexican letters, but as 1939 goes into its second quarter it gives promise of keeping pace with the abundant and noteworthy literary activity of the preceding twelve months. Good books and useful books are rolling off the presses. The first volume of Enrique González Martínez's *Poesía: 1898–1938*, the collected works of Mexico's greatest living poet, has just been published. So much of his verse has been inaccessible, either because it appeared in obscure journals or in books long out of print, that this new complete edition must be counted a literary event of considerable importance.

Last year Martín Luis Guzmán (definitely repatriated after many years' residence in Spain) brought out the first part of his *Memorias de Pancho Villa*. Now the second volume has appeared, leaving no doubt that this series will give us the clearest insight into the remarkable character of the famous bandit. Other figures of recent and more distant history are being resurrected. There is a new life of Guillermo Prieto, mid-nineteenth century reformer and poet, by Salvador Ortiz Vidales. A defense of Obregón's foreign policy by Manuel González Ramírez is just off the press. In fact, since the beginning of 1938 more books and pamphlets are being published than ever before. In a country like Mexico, this is a highly significant cultural indication.

Literary development in Mexico, and in most of Latin America, for that matter, has been stunted largely because of the illiteracy and the low purchasing power of the great mass of the population. This has made it practically impossible for a writer to exist solely by his pen. It has also tended to cut him off from the vital sources of creative experience and to make him dependent, economically and culturally, on a decadent aristocracy, essentially colonial in spirit, or on a smug, uncouth *nouveau riche* society. This situation helps explain the enormous superiority of the pictorial over the literary arts in Mexico: the mural painter, for example, has had easy access to a vast 'seeing' public.

One of the most encouraging literary events of recent years has been the performance and publication of Rodolfo Usigli's three act play, *Medio Tono* or *Twilight* in free translation. It deals with the material and spiritual bankruptcy of a typical middle-class family living in present-day Mexico City.

As the first competent realistic drama to have come out of Mexico, *Medio Tono* may well mark an epoch in the history of the Mexican theatre, a singularly backward institution, shabby and moth-eaten, which has catered to the 'great capacity of our audiences for sentimental stupidity,' to quote from a recent essay of Usigli himself. Incidentally, Usigli, who is now in his early thirties, published an important study of the Mexican theatre a few years ago and recently attended the School of Drama at Yale University on a Rockefeller scholarship.

The realism of *Medio Tono*, calm, restrained and exacting, is technically of a higher order than that of the modern Mexican novel, too often dependent on the startling and the picturesque for its effect. Thus *Medio Tono* is almost classic in the simplicity of its setting, action and language, depending entirely for its strength on the inner realities of the characters and the environment in which they move. The play gives us a convincing

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picture of the drab and pointless existence of a whole stratum of Mexican society, but more than that it reveals the emotional sterility and the intellectual poverty which underlie its inability to survive.

However, the break-up and economic ruin of the Sierras do not come as a tragic ending, but rather as a liberating experience. Just before the curtain falls for the last time, Mrs. Sierra, left alone with her husband after the departure of their children for distant parts, says to him: 'Martin, there is something I don't understand. . . . Our children have left us and each of them went off alone, but I don't know why it seems to me that you and I and they are together now for the first time.'

A number of the better known Mexican story writers, such as López y Fuentes, Rafael Muñoz, Mauricio Magdaleno and Martín Luis Guzmán have not published any fiction during the past fifteen months. Rubén Romero, on the other hand, has put out one of his best works in *The Useless Life of Perez the Piper* (*La Vida Inútil de Pito Pérez*). It is the story of a mellow old drunkard and vagabond, somewhat of a philosopher with a cynical turn of mind, who goes through a number of diverting experiences, ever poking fun at those who go on living merely because they fear death. Rubén Romero develops the character of the 'Piper' with the delicate and sympathetic irony of a Daudet, though at the very end a touch of the macabre and an acrid bitterness brusquely alter the mood.

There is also a new novel by Enrique Othón Díaz. It is *SFZ-33* (an abbreviated title for *School No. 33 at San Francisco Zautla*) and tells of the complex and often hazardous problems confronting a young man operating a rural school in an Indian village where almost nobody spoke Spanish and where ignorance and superstition raised many a barrier against book-learning. Also among the novels of the year is *The Tribulations of a Well-bred Family* (*Las Tribulaciones de una Familia Decente*) by the ever productive but fast-aging Mariano Azuela. It is a story of domestic life under the Carranza régime nearly a quarter of a century ago. Aside from some illuminating bits of character delineation and one excellent 'mass' scene at the Zacatecas railroad station, it is an undistinguished piece of writing, much below the author's best work. Azuela, having isolated himself from the contemporary world, lives on in a past distorted by memories of personal rancor and frustration.

Certainly nothing has more enlivened the current Mexican literary scene than the translation of an early novel by that mysterious and eccentric German who claims to be an American, lives in Mexico and writes under the name of B. Traven. *The Rebellion of the Hanged* (*La Rebelión de los Colgados*), as the Mexican edition is entitled (the book has not yet appeared in English), is the first of Traven's Mexican novels to be translated into Spanish, and as such it has made a powerful impression on the Mexican reader.

It is a story of Indian mahogany cutters working in the disease-infected jungles of Chiapas and Tabasco and suffering incredible brutalities at the hands of their masters to whom they are enchained by debt and a long tradition of servitude. Traven, whose *Death Ship* has earned him a world-wide reputation, is not only a first-rate story teller, but has an intimate and profound understanding of Mexico. The result is that his Mexican novels—and this is undoubtedly true of *The Rebellion of the Hanged*—are far and away the finest literary products to have come out of the Mexican soil. In fact, but for the accident that Traven writes in a foreign tongue, he might well be called the foremost Mexican novelist of all times.

The publication of *The Rebellion of the Hanged* was not without its little 'incident.' For some time, those interested in making Traven's work available to Mexicans tried to communicate with the

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author, but in vain. Finally, an article about Traven appeared in the *Nacional*. Among various things, it explained the importance to Mexico of having his work translated and on this and other grounds justified the preparation of an unauthorized version. It also declared that the translators would deposit all royalties with a special bank account for the author to draw upon whenever he saw fit. Incidentally, the article offered some convincing evidence of Traven's German origins.

Traven's reply, typewritten in a slovenly English and posted without return address from New York, was a furious denial that he is a German and included a mixture of indecent vituperation against his admirers and mad ranting to the effect that his novels would corrupt Mexicans who need to fight for their rights and not read about them. In the interests of general propriety and of Traven's emerging reputation in Mexico, the letter was not printed. At any rate, it reveals that Traven the man and Traven the artist are antithetical embodiments of a strangely split personality.

And what of recent Mexican poetry? There are signs of revival in the work of a number of younger poets grouped around a new magazine of verse called *Taller* (*Workshop*). Nevertheless, it is evident that like the Café de París where they gather for coffee and gossip, their poetry, both in technique and feeling, reflects a foreign atmosphere and mode of life. Xavier Villaurrutia, of a slightly older generation, brought out the best collection of verse for 1938. It is called *Nostalgia of Death* (*Nostalgia de la Muerte*), a slender volume containing a score of carefully wrought poems expressing a deep sense of spiritual solitude in symbols weighted with abstract meaning. Occasionally he is objectively aware of his environment, as in *North Carolina Blues* (dedicated to Langston Hughes), but most often nature and cities and voices are no more than reflections of the poet's inner mood:—

Solitude, weariness,
profound vain silence,
liquid shadow in which I drown,
empty of thought.

If the Mexican poets are still artistically aloof from the native scene, not so the indefatigable José Mancisidor who has resurrected *Ruta*, a magazine he used to edit from Jalapa, Vera Cruz, and has transformed it into a genuine literary journal, one of the best in the Spanish speaking world. Enjoying the coöperation of nearly all the better known Mexican writers, *Ruta* for nearly a year now has proved to be an effective medium for the presentation of the vital thought and feeling of contemporary Mexico and for the revaluation of the literary traditions of the past. The new *Ruta* is thus one of the most hopeful signs to have appeared on Mexico's literary horizon. Mancisidor, moreover, is also the chief organizer of an imposing writers' congress which is to take place in Mexico City this coming June. Many of the leading literary figures of Europe, the United States and Latin America are expected to attend.

How I Listen to Music

By M. D. Calvocoressi

From the *Listener*, London

I AM a professional music critic—one, as it happens, with peremptory, uncompromising opinions, not a few prejudices, and not a few blind spots. But I am, first and foremost, a music lover; and it is as such—as a listener pure and simple, not preoccupied with the job of work he will have to tackle later—that I shall attempt to describe my reactions to music.

How one listens depends upon one's mental make up and training. To begin with my mental make up: I have an austere and, I should say, rather despotic but fairly disciplined intellect, coupled with a temperament and an imagination that are the very reverse of austere and

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disciplined. My intellect is more or less trained to take a back seat while I listen, so as to allow my imagination free play. The greatest lesson I ever learned I found in Debussy's saying: 'I try to forget all I know about music, lest remembering should interfere with my enjoyment of the music I shall hear tomorrow.' This made it clear to me that at first contact the intellect should do its work subconsciously.

Accordingly, my approach to music is what most people would call sensuous. But this does not imply a preference for music of the luscious type. My first decisive impressions I owe to Wagner excerpts, Bach's *Forty-Eight* (eagerly studied at a time when I knew nothing of theory or history), Beethoven's C sharp minor Quartet, Balakiref's *Tamara*, songs by Schubert and by Mussorgsky, d'Indy's *Fervaal*, César Franck's Quartet, and Liszt's *Faust* and *Dante* symphonies. Strongest of all were my impressions of Wagner, Bach and the Russians.

Maybe I am fortunate in that music practically never calls up any visual, literary or in any way programmatic impressions in me; the only noteworthy exception consists of impressions of spaciousness, of wide vistas, that I get from certain works of d'Indy and Koechlin. This, of course, helps me to concentrate on the music.

Music arouses strong emotions within me, but emotions in no way related to those of life—emotions of which music is both the subject and object, the starting-point and the goal. It follows that all the moods it induces are moods of buoyancy: even with the gloomiest of music—say, Ravel's *Le Gibet* or the ending of the Revolution scene in *Boris Godunov*—my only feeling is that of an experience that enriches me.

So much for what was in my nature at the start: now for that which experience, training and hard thinking have added to it for better or for worse, apart from developing inclinations and capacities which, of course, were at first more potential than actual.

Exactly as I do not care two pins about programs of musical works, or the composer's intentions, so do I wish, for listening purposes, to know nothing of the composer himself nor of the circumstances in which his works were born. The music alone must tell me all I need know and feel—a principle that I apply to all works of art, from the Chartres Cathedral to Shakespeare's *Tempest*, and from Memling's *Virgin with the Apple* to a piece of Allahabad pottery. I continue to hold that both historical knowledge and technical knowledge are invaluable so far as regards training and experience, but they affect the intellect, not the imagination, the faculty of intuition which alone can get to the root of the matter. For instance, I am very sensitive to fine technique, provided I feel that the end justifies the means; but all Richard Strauss's technical efficiency does not prevent my finding all his tone-poems except *Till Eulenspiegel* all wrong. I am unable to find a corresponding illustration so far as regards historical knowledge.

Originality, for me, is the chief requirement. I shall not attempt to define this treacherous term beyond saying that I expect music to provide me with new experiences. The composer must tell me something I don't know. If, while listening, I foresee at every step what is going to happen and find my anticipations fulfilled, I feel disgusted. This attitude has nothing in common with the anticipation that takes place when I am listening to music I love and know by heart. Music of the right kind always induces fresh experiences.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Shakespeare Industry

Amazing Monument. *By Ivor Brown and George Fearon. London: Heinemann. 1939.*

(Lionel Hale in the *News Chronicle*, London)

SHAKESPEARE is an industry. Visit the headquarters of the industry, at Stratford-on-Avon. Shakespeare's head looks solemnly at you on the labels of beer bottles. It wears a somewhat surprised air on petrol pumps. You may buy 'Hamlet' cigarette-cases and 'Shylock' nutcrackers. The signposts read, simply, 'To the Birthplace.' In your hotel your bedroom has no number. You sleep in 'King Lear' or 'Shylock.

Every year 90,000 visitors, at a shilling a time, inspect the Birthplace in Hanley Street. That it is the house in which Shakespeare was born is not proved—any more than that he went wooing in the present Anne Hathaway's cottage (80,000 visitors)—but it is probable. Shakespeare's father, we know, lived there and was fined for having a muck-heap outside the door.

A town with a population of 12,000, Stratford-on-Avon has eight major hotels, innumerable private hotels and lodging-houses. The Festival every year keeps the porters hurrying with luggage labeled from all over the world. In 1938, over 180,000 playgoers visited the Memorial Theatre, 30,000 of them school children. Its takings are over £1,500 a week.

The Birthday on April 23, with its luncheon and its daffodil-laden procession to the Bard's tomb, is a cheerful occasion, no matter what the weather. The flags of all nations are broken simultaneously in the street by diplomats invited from the Embassies of London. (The invitation does not cover their hotel-bills, and they have been known to swear horribly the next morning in strange languages.)

Sometimes there are not enough diplomats to go around, and even dramatic critics are pressed into service at the flags. I regret to record that in 1938, by force and chicanery, my opportunist colleague, Mr. A. E. Wilson, dispossessed me at the last moment of the flag of (I think) Paraguay.

The industry is, on the whole, very well and decently managed. There are some lapses. There is no proof that Shakespeare sang in the choir at the parish church, certainly none that he sat in a particular stall that is being constantly pointed out to visitors. But it is exciting for conducted parties of American pilgrim spinsters, bear-led Bardwards, each of whom happily seats herself for a moment on the sacred oak, thus 'evidently deriving a sense of inspiration, of instant and glowing community with genius, *a posteriori*.'

I quote this sentence to give the happy and satirical flavor of *Amazing Monument*, in which Mr. Ivor Brown and Mr. George Fearon trace the growth of the Shakespeare legend and industry.

It is not an indiscriminate satire: for instance, they pay due tribute to the citizens of Stratford for their loyalty to their chief citizen. Led by the Flower family, brewers by trade and public servants by vocation, the people of Stratford have worked devotedly for their town, their poet and their festival. The history of the building of the Memorial Theatre is a gallant record of determination; and ever since they bought the Birthplace for £3,000 from unscrupulous racketeers in 1847, they have continued to set their house in order.

But in the history of the early days, when Shakespeare started as wild a scramble for cash as any gold field in Alaska, the satirical chronicler can find all the fun in the world. About a century and a half after the Bard's death, the legend grew in

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force. Audrey and Rowe fed it with gossip about the Bard, with chit-chat of deer stealing and wench chasing.

Tourists began to assemble and goggle at Shakespeare's house in New Place. This much infuriated its owner, the Rev. Francis Gastrell: so much so that in 1759, after eight years of noisy endurance, he razed the house to the ground and left the town 'amid a storm of hisses.' This fury on the part of the inhabitants of Stratford was understandable: they were beginning to see on which side their bread was buttered.

Gastrell, that irate and short-sighted divine, committed another crime against commerce. He cut down the Mulberry Tree which, by tradition, the Bard himself planted. But one Thomas Sharp saved something from the wreck. He bought the Tree, and it served him well in innumerable relics carved into small boxes, toothpick cases and tobacco stoppers. It served him, indeed, for forty-three years.

He swore on his deathbed that all his little boxes came from the original tree. 'We can only conclude,' say our authors blandly, 'that it was a very big tree indeed.'

The eighteenth century had discovered the Bard, 'very much as a modern hostess might take up a Bloomsbury poet, beard, bunkum and all.' In 1769 Garrick appeared to hold a jubilee. He accepted the freedom of the borough—in a box of the Mulberry wood. A Rotunda was built. Nine guineas for a night's lodging, the company of Drury Lane chanting in the streets at dawn, assemblies, fireworks. Garrick recited odes: Boswell's recitation was shouted down. It rained throughout.

The racket sprouted. Forgeries of Shakespeare abounded, the most audacious, perhaps, a 'newly-discovered' *Vortigern and Rowena*, which was played—disastrously—at Drury Lane in 1796. This racket has never died: a man went to prison for it in 1926.

In the nineteenth century came the Americans, first among them Washington Irving (who has given his name to a Stratford hotel) as a pilgrim to the town which was becoming 'a shrine and a tripper dump.' He chronicles the garrulous widow in charge of the Birthplace who showed him the broken stock of matchlock with which Shakespeare shot Sir Thomas Lucy's deer (the Lucys had neither park nor deer at the time); he saw much of the famous Mulberry wood, of which he remarked drily 'there is enough extant to build a ship of the line;' he sat in the Bard's own chair. The widow assured him that, though the seat was made of solid wood, so many visitors sat on it it needed a new bottom every three years.

So, down the years, grew the legend and the industry, fanned by Baconian controversy, by the enthusiasts who proved that Shakespeare could not read, let alone write, that the plays were written by Bacon, Oxford, Derby, Raleigh, the Countess of Pembroke, by a syndicate, or by an illegitimate son of Queen Elizabeth.

And today? Mr. Brown and Mr. Fearon, whose researches are immensely able and entertaining, compute the royalties of Shakespeare in a single year, from performances, books, films, gramophone and radio rights, to be worth, in England and the United States alone, at the very least £100,000 a year—probably incalculably more—if the copyright law protected rights indefinitely, and if there were anyone in direct descent to claim them.

To scholars, actors, stagehands, examiners, publishers, to Prime Ministers in search of a tag, to the garages and shops and hotels and ice-cream barrows of Warwickshire, the Bard is a vast yearly fortune.

An Irish Childhood

I Knock at the Door. *By Sean O'Casey. London: Macmillan. 1939.*

(Desmond MacCarthy in the *Sunday Times*, London)

WHEN Mr. O'Casey sat down to write about his own childhood, it was not likely that he would record the past

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as others have done. Before opening *I Knock at the Door* his reader might have been certain that Mr. O'Casey would not be content with merely recording: his book of early reminiscences would be a mixture of poetry and truth, the truth being conveyed through the poetry as well as the facts which would be shaped by his imagination. And we might have anticipated, too, from his work as a dramatist and from his short stories, that his memories would not be more egocentric than is inevitable, but projected in pictures where a suffering, inquisitive, deep-feeling child is not necessarily always in the foreground. Memory is often a good compositor, but the stuff of memory, unless it is handled with freedom, seldom has coherence for long together.

What is remarkable about this book is the way in which the author has combined truth of effect and a doubter's loyalty to fact with imaginative license. He describes his childhood in a series of episodes which follow each other in order of time, but severally possess the roundness and completeness of a short story. The Dublin scene, viewed through the eyes of the poor, is nearly as important as 'Johnny' himself.

The first episode, *A Child Is Born*, is a moving story about his mother and a preceding John Casside (his father was determined that one of his children should be called John, but the first two 'Johns' died of croup as babies). It describes her frantic drive to the hospital with John II in her arms, choking with croup, and how she was kept waiting by the doctor until 'she felt the little body in her arms give a mighty, straining stretch; then she knew that what she wanted to keep away had come to her; and she pressed to her breast a dear possession that had emptied itself of life.' It is a poignant episode, admirably told. It serves, incidentally, to introduce a most important and impressive character in the book, his mother.

Of Johnny's father, Mr. Casside, senior, we have a child's impression, tantalizing and clear as a child's pictures of people are. How he earned a living for his seven children (Johnny was 'the shake of the bag') and his wife does not appear, but he brought home two pounds a week and had a collection of good books which were his delight. Among them were (this is surprising) the novels of Meredith. Then he slipped off a ladder and hurt his back, and when we see him he is always lying in a big horsehair chair with his books round him, some of them Latin, too, 'shrinking from something that everybody thought of, but nobody ever mentioned.' His death and funeral provide two of the early episodes. They are presented with that grotesque harshness and that powerful tenderness which Mr. O'Casey can blend better than any writer alive, and in which it has been the privilege of Irish writers to excel: the talk of the jarvies and undertakers; the horror of little Johnny at being nearly forced to kiss the dead man in the coffin; the widow's whisper as she does so: 'Goodbye, my Michael; my love goes with you, down to the grave, and up with you to God.'

Throughout these episodes and scenes from childhood, the gift of dramatic utterance, of a speech cruel, mocking, tender, or grand, is the endowment of everyone who appears in them. It is through their speech they live, though whenever Mr. O'Casey stops to describe a detail or a gesture, these jump to the eye. Description, however, is chiefly reserved for the impersonal Dublin scenes: for the Lord-Lieutenant's levée, which is partly imagined and partly observed by Mrs. Casside and Johnny, as members of the crowd outside; for the street riots (admirably vivid) seen from a bus-top by both of them on Queen Victoria's birthday ('The Red above the Green'); and for a little episode, so likely to stay in a child's memory, of a tired cow that lay down on the pavement, and which neither blows nor tail-twisting, in which Johnny

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lent a hand, could force to rejoin the drove.

> Johnny stood in the deep of a doorway, cautiously keeping his eye on the cow. Beyond an occasional twitch of her tail, she gave no sign of life. Every beast in the forest is God's, he thought, an' the cattle upon a thousand hills. But a sthray cow lyin' on a rain-wet street is not enough to make God bother His head to give a thought about it.

The reader will notice that the author keeps the brogue even when he is describing and writing in his own person. But he does not do this consistently, only when the rhythm of his prose seems to his ear to require it. In the imagined description of the Castle Ball he breaks into an irregular chant. His method is influenced in some places by Joyce's methods in *Ulysses:* rapid notation, catalogues, grotesque words, and fragments of consecrated phrases jammed helter-skelter together.

There are two dream episodes, one a dream in class-time (*The Dream-School*), which offers a poignant contrast to the horror of the actuality to which he is awakened by a slash of a cane on his bare hand. Johnny at school provides scenes of terrible harshness. The agony of his thrashing, which the reader shares, is somewhat relieved by the whimpering, smarting boy bringing down an ebony ruler on the bald head of that master while it is bowed in prayer, and then running home to his mother. She, thank Heaven!—so the reader exclaims—refused the demand of the minister that Johnny should be sent back for a severe caning before the whole school, 'so that, in future, he will never dare to raise a hand against anyone whom God has set in authority over him.'

> '. . . The boy may be awake tonight with his eyes, sir,' the quivering mouth said, 'and to do what you ask would be to torture him above what he might be able to bear.'
>
> 'I tell you,' said the minister impatiently, 'that you will ruin your little boy, if you go on coddling him in this way.'
>
> The mouth of the stiff, still woman quivered again, and the mouth spoke softly.
>
> 'He has had dry bread and tea for a good many meals, since his father died,' said the quivering mouth. 'Clothes that shiver when a breeze blows; boots that just about hide the bareness of his feet; and hours of eye pain rock him restlessly at night—neither I nor God, sir, coddle the boy.'

From about his fifth year Johnny had suffered from ulcerated eye-balls. The sight of one eye, which had to be kept bandaged from the light, was almost destroyed, that of his other was barely saved. The tortures of this disease ran through his childhood. Partly owing to the insistence of the Protestant minister, partly owing to his father's resolve (piously remembered by his widow) that his children should receive the best education possible, but chiefly owing to medical ignorance, Johnny was forced to read and go to school when his eyes demanded rest.

The figure of a child with a dirty bandage over one eye, which constantly needs adjusting, moves through the pages of this book. Mockery of his poverty, mockery of his oozing eyes from other boys; an isolation which only the tenderness of his mother relieves; shattering harshness sometimes relieved by racy humor; poverty sometimes approaching want, form the stuff of these episodes. But self-pity is absent from them, or transmuted to a pity and indignation of more than personal scope. They are lit by the unconscious courage of a child, and, in the telling, by the imagination of one who survived to be an unembittered if unsparing dramatic poet.

Incidentally, the reader becomes aware of 'two nations' in nineteenth-century Ireland. Two of Johnny's brothers took the Queen's shilling, and two of his sisters married soldiers. Here and there, beneath

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these episodes of childhood, seethes the indignation of Protestant loyalists against the imputation that their religion proves that they are not Irishmen. Mr. O'Casey's picture of Irish Protestantism is grim enough; we see, however, how his early life helped him to attain impartiality in his Irish plays.

[*Sean O'Casey's book will be published in the United States by The Macmillan Company.*]

The German Mind

DOCTRINAIRES DE LA REVOLUTION ALLEMANDE 1918–1938. *By Edmond Vermeil. Paris: Fernand Sorlot. 1939.*

(A. L. Rowse in the *Spectator*, London)

THE problem of Germany is the problem of Europe. There need be no apology for returning to it again and again, considering it now from this angle, now from that, since we have it with us always. If Germany involves Europe in another war, and is defeated, it will still be there. What are we to think of it? There is every reason to inform ourselves of what contemporary Germans are thinking—of what passes with them under the guise of 'thought.'

This French book is the best survey I know of the thinkers who have made the thought of the Germany we have to deal with: of Rathenau, Keyserling, Thomas Mann; of Spengler, Moeller van den Bruck and the group of writers in *Die Tat;* of Hitler, Rosenberg, Goebbels and all the lesser fry among the Nazis. Professor Vermeil is a distinguished authority at the Sorbonne on contemporary Germany and German thought; and his book has all the virtues of the French academic mind at its best, precision and lucidity, careful documentation and a sound instinct for what is sense and what is nonsense.

What is remarkable is the continuity of thought, the strongly marked common characteristics among these writers, in spite of their different positions and associations. 'Writers or publicists, orators or men of action,' M. Vermeil comments, 'the thinkers here dealt with all go back to the traditions of the nineteenth century. Since the end of the Holy Roman Empire, the intellectual élite of Germany has never ceased meditating upon the origins, the nature and destiny of the German Reich.' They have a great deal more in common than this; almost all of them, whether Liberal or Nazi, idealist or realist to the point of cynicism, share a distrust and dislike of the West, of England and France, and what they stand for in European civilization, amounting in some cases to horror, but always to active hostility. One knew before that the fatal and systematic Spengler, who constructed, as Germans will, a whole sociology out of his own *Schadenfreude*, hated England and believed in an inevitable conflict between England and Prussia, of which 1914 was only the beginning.

But it comes with something of a surprise to realize to what an extent a true Liberal like Thomas Mann, in his heyday, shared the general German hostility to the West, the 'eternal German protest'—as M. Vermeil calls it—against the intellect, against the life of reason, his criticism of our over-civilization, our decadence and hypocrisy. The world could do with a little more of our over-civilization at present. It is tragic to observe how thoroughly—and blindly—these idealist writers, Rathenau, Keyserling and Mann, helped to pave the way for the advent of the Nazis. Rathenau died, their victim; Thomas Mann, now an exile in America in his old age, is carrying on a spirited fight against their system of brutality and vulgarization.

One does not need to go again into the extraordinary system of thought erected by Spengler on the basis of German defeat (*ergo*, defeat of the West); it has been sufficiently criticized before. And yet there is something so representative of Germany in its completeness, its heavy pretentiousness. Its whole conception of a morphology of cultures is, of course, false,

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but so typically German. Spengler's conception of a culture is altogether too anthropomorphic, much too rigidly defined, something marked off like one living entity from another. On the one hand we have a 'culture' defined as a person, which is born, lives and dies; on the other we have the person regarded as having no individual existence; an inversion so characteristic of German mental processes. It is all very like Hegel, *fons et origo* of these intellectual ills.

There are other characteristics, which Spengler expresses, that recur again and again in the others. For example, the hatred of reason which 'kills life.' But why? one wonders; surely intelligence and clarity of mind enable one to live more satisfactorily? To put it at the lowest, it is the intelligent animals that survive. All this goes along with a pathetic insistence, which Liberals like Thomas Mann and Keyserling and Rathenau share with brutes like Spengler and Hitler and Rosenberg, on the superiority of German culture. They must be superior or nothing. It is the same cry in the realm of thought as in politics: 'Either a world-Power or nothing.' Spengler has a whole theory that a 'culture' must dominate. No conception of collaborating with others to make a more varied, a richer, more fruitful civilization. Actually it is enough to discern the difference between cultures; one does not have to think all the time in terms of superiority and inferiority, but of the particular contribution which each has to make to the whole that is Europe. To the really enlightened there is a European culture in which German music, where Germany really has been supreme, takes its place along with Italian and French art, Greek and English poetry. Modern science is essentially European.

The fact that music is the art in which Germany is supreme is one of great significance, if one could elicit it. But there is something in this magnificent structure they have built up out of sound—this inner world of experience, to which some of their best poetry, for example Rilke, conforms—which reveals their weakness in the realm of external form, in imposing rational order and control upon their experience, where the Latins, and of them the French above all, are so strong. There are moments with all these writers, especially with Rathenau, even with Spengler, and still more surprisingly with the not wholly unattractive cynical candor of Goebbels, where one breaks through the crust of neurotic assertiveness, the overemphasis of people not sure of themselves, and one gets a glimpse of the depths of formlessness, of indecision, of extreme relativism, of a scepticism underneath amounting to real nihilism (*pace* Spengler), which have their counterpart in the violence and brutality of the Nazis.

Rathenau allowed the truth to appear, in spite of all his hopes of a new order led by Germany, in a passage where he said that beyond the Rhine

> 'there was neither form, nor style, nor any real desire for liberty. Everywhere, on the contrary, feebleness of will, permanent confusion between loyalty and dependence, between autonomy and anarchy, between work and servility. The masses bow before all the forces of the day. *Tout le slavisme s'etale ici en face d'une poignée de Germains authentiques.*'

There is an equally remarkable passage from Thomas Mann, which deepens the despairing picture of a people without form, open to all the winds that blow, exposed to all the contradictions.

> *Une nation qui ne s'enferme jamais dans un réseau solide de systèmes, de morales ou d'institutions. L'Allemagne remet tout en question, inlassablement.*

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

THE MEDITERRANEAN IN POLITICS. *By Elizabeth Monroe. London: Oxford University Press. 1938. 259 pages. $4.00.*

MEDITERRANEAN CROSS-CURRENTS. *By Margret Boveri. Translated from the German by Louisa Marie Sieveking. London and New York: Oxford University Press. 1938. 451 pages. $5.00.*

MARE NOSTRUM—Mussolini's defiant shout three or four years ago—still rings strangely in the ears of British strategists and American vacationists. The former were shocked by the audacity of a man who dared to challenge the triple threat of Gibraltar, Malta and Suez; the latter were annoyed to find the calm waters of the Mediterranean disturbed by 'pirate' submarines, the entrancing beauty of the luminous and star-studded eastern sky marred by darting and droning airplanes. The British have recovered sufficiently to look to their defenses. The American tourist will likewise have to recover from his bewilderment. He will have to realize that the Mediterranean means more than a holiday cruise with haunting memories of the majesty of the Acropolis, the lure of Jerusalem, the shepherded remains of the splendor that was Rome and Florence and Venice, of the enduring vanity of the Pharaohs. He must learn to think in terms of raw materials, of 'surplus' capital and goods, of the clash of empires, of the bitter outbursts of awakened national passions. The volumes under review are dedicated to the enlightenment of the perplexed 'general' reader, and he will do well to read both these books, for they supplement each other.

It will perhaps prove profitable to read Miss Boveri's volume first. The reader will be charmed by her superior style, her intelligence, urbanity and humor. He will turn back to the Introduction again and again and ask himself 'Has this book really come out of Berlin?' She has given us a portrait of the Mediterranean, of its 'gates,' islands and coasts. The seasoned traveler will recognize the people and places whom she describes; even the parlor-chair wanderer will emerge with an understanding of Algerians, Greeks, Italians and a host of other peoples and of their homes.

When the spell is broken, the thoughtful reader will discover that Miss Boveri has not delved too deeply into the 'source.' She glides over Moroccan crises, native revolts, European rivalries. Her treatment of the Spanish Revolution is superficial. She converts the delirious tossing and turning of Mussolini into far-seeing statesmanship worthy of a superman. In short, she lacks the depth of scholarship. But one should not seek precise knowledge or keenness of interpretation in her book. She is at her best when describing what she saw and heard and sensed, and her contribution consists in re-creating 'atmosphere,' whether of Anglo-Italian tension in the fall of 1935, of conditions in the Sudan, or of Maltese politics.

What is lacking in Miss Boveri's volume, Miss Monroe supplies admirably. She devotes the bulk of her book to the interests of Britain, France and Italy, strategic, economic and political, and describes the new techniques of imperialist control evolved to meet and curb rising nationalism among the natives. Her story, too, is well-told—mature, clear and to the point. And her extensive travels are enriched by the wide and arduous reading of the scholar. It is a pity that she has not taken other scholars into her confidence by indicating the sources.

—OSCAR I. JANOWSKY

FIVE CITIES. *By George R. Leighton. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1939. 370 pages. $3.50.*

AMERICAN cities, though subjected to an unparalleled cultural regimentation by way of the radio, screen and syndicated press, differ among themselves almost as much as members of the same family. As in the case of individuals, they may be described behavioristically or artistically, by way of the inventory method or that of the poet. The second gets nearer the truth, but the first also has its uses. The prudent writer chooses the one that calls forth his best talents.

Mr. Leighton's otherwise excellent book suffers from an indecision on his part as to method. Obviously not an overly skilful manipulator of the English language and somewhat lost in the realm of the evidences of things not seen, he yet wanders into purple

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patches that only blemish his straightforward reporting, in which field he displays a considerable gift. These patches, these exclamations, apostrophes, and paraphrases gleaned from Walt Whitman, the Bible ('What is man, that they at 71 Broadway are mindful of him?'), and other good sources do not, fortunately, get into the stream of his narrative too often to do it much injury.

The five stories he tells concern Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, Louisville, Kentucky, Birmingham, Alabama, Omaha, Nebraska, and Seattle, Washington. Perhaps never before have they been exposed to so thorough an examination as Mr. Leighton subjects them to. He seems to have come upon the historical, economic, and political causes of nearly every unheard groan and nearly every audible sigh. Whenever he smelled a rat, he traced him down, digging into his social parentage, physiology, and anatomy, so that he has many revealing and fascinating things to say about such despoilers as George F. Baer of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company, Milton Hannibal Smith of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and Frederick Weyerhaeuser, 'the greatest lumberman in all the world,' whose dream apparently was to turn every tree in the Northwest into a floating log. Mr. Leighton does not confine himself to such hard fellows, but also looks into the careers of labor leaders, and with equal success. His sections on John Mitchell, the miners' leader who died friendless, embittered, and with a quarter of a million dollars to his name, probably tell more of the sad truth about former—and possibly also present—labor leadership in America than has previously been told in so brief a space.

Mr. Leighton's five cities, like so many others in the land, are really slave cities, subjects of 23 Wall Street and 71 Broadway, New York City. Economically, they differ almost solely in their mode of suffering as inflicted upon them by their absentee landlords, who determine the nature of their deprivations and political corruptions, aided and abetted by local and national laws which, until very recently, looked upon ownership as a divine right. Mr. Leighton makes this abundantly clear, though he does not venture into any theorizing thereon.

As straightforward reporting, except for some shakiness in the writing, his book leaves little to be desired. One hopes that he and others will tackle the other major cities of the country in a similar manner. One further hopes that after such reporters will come a host of imaginative writers who will add insight to the studies of their brethren, applying a social psychoanalysis to the nation which the despair of the last ten years proves it badly needs.

—Charles Angoff

The British Common People: *1746–1938. By G. D. H. Cole and Raymond Postgate. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1939. 588 pages. $4.00.*

THE story of the common people of any country during the last two centuries, is a sustained drama, seldom with a happy ending, although usually with its moments of high romance and of momentary victory. The common people of England have lived through practically unrelieved tragedy during this period. This does not mean that they have existed in monotonous misery; nor even that their lot, over a long period, has worsened, but rather that they have fought, collectively, with as fine a revolutionary courage as their Irish and French neighbors, and have practically never, as those other peoples have, achieved even for a short time the dramatic relief of success. They have been betrayed on all sides, systematically, cruelly and consciously. The employer class, strong, young and militant, has, of course, fought them openly. They have used the methods of low wages, prohibition of even elementary education, and propaganda—including the peculiarly vicious and penetrating sort that went under the name of the Methodist religion. The Government, consisting since 1832 of these same employers, has fought them with openly repressive acts, with adverse judicial decisions, and with the subtle weapon of Government commissions to 'arbitrate' in labor disputes. This is the famous weapon of procrastination; of fooling the people when they are in the highest revolutionary fettle—and then disregarding every demand.

Their own leaders have fought them, sapping their militant trades unions of strength because of their fear of a real revolutionary spirit. One leader after another, with appalling regularity, has spoiled their best chances by timidity, vacillation and destructive compromises with the other side. Witness, for instance, the General Strike of 1926, one hundred per cent successful, and one of the most thrilling and exalting moments of all history. This victorious

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demonstration was called off in the flush of success by its fearful leaders, who hadn't realized the strength and intelligence of the 'timid, stupid, oppressed' masses. Such betrayal is tragedy of the best Shakespearean variety. It would be false to say that they are worse off now than in 1746. They have achieved gradually a certain amount of success and influence, even though, paradoxically, they have lost nearly every battle. The very fact that they could fight has meant that they had to be considered by their employers.

But G. D. H. Cole and Raymond Postgate have not written a romantic essay on these stormy and sorrowful two centuries. Their history is a careful, unemotional, documented account, part narrative, part descriptive, of the vicissitudes of the working classes. The lesson that is drawn from the book is the result of a cumulative, rather cold appraisal, which includes wage charts, tables on the price of food and geographical and economic analyses of the changing structure of England during its rapid agricultural, industrial and finally imperialistic developments.

This is not a book for dessert reading, but its satisfying completeness and the real drama of its subject make it necessary reading for anyone interested in the *present* working-class movement and the *present* condition of capitalist organization. It is a book which offers the meat of solid facts to a passionate and seething world which sorely needs them.

—KATHARINE SCHERMAN

THE HOLY TERROR. *By H. G. Wells. New York: Simon and Schuster. 1939. 454 pages. $2.75.*

WITH no discernible flagging of his vigor and inventive resource, Wells narrates the origins, growth, maturity and end of a modern world dictator. The tale is excellent reading, particularly for our troubled and benighted era, so much so that one is inclined to condone the signs of hurriedness and occasional superficiality that mark the difference between this novel and those earlier tales in which such infinite care and loving attention to familiar detail revealed the personalities and surroundings of Kipps and Mr. Polly. There seems sometimes to be a rather terrifying slickness about the Mr. Wells of *The Holy Terror;* the over-practiced hand is too apparent, and one feels that here is not only the streamlined facility that comes from having

3 O'CLOCK

by Thomas Wolfe

The editors of the *North American Review* are proud to announce that in their Summer issue, just off the press, they are privileged to publish, in advance of its appearance in book form, an important chapter from Thomas Wolfe's posthumous work, *The Web and the Rock.*

The same issue of the *North American Review* poses and answers a number of questions which are of outstanding interest to intelligent Americans:

Why and to what extent is the United States rearming?
(Answered by David Popper, Foreign Policy Association expert)

Why aren't there more women in politics?
(Answered by Grace Adams, well-known psychologist)

Why does the United States baffle foreign diplomats?
(Answered by Duncan Aikman, Washington journalist, and Blair Bolles)

Is America becoming a world center of art?
(Answered by Christopher Lazare, famous literary and art critic)

The new Summer issue of the *North American Review* contains, in addition, many other important features — penetrating articles, fine short stories by newly discovered authors, departments on books, music, drama and art.

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written so very many books, but that Mr. Wells continues to think lightly of the kind of people who will not be induced to accept the salutary matter of his messages, warnings and plans, save when they are administered in the jam of a novel.

Doubtless he is right in so thinking. Equally doubtless a younger generation of readers who may never have fallen under the spell of the earlier Wells, not missing what they've never had, will find *The Holy Terror* very good indeed. And it would be quite unfair merely to praise it with faint damns. For despite his dangerous skilfulness, the Wells wit and epigrammatic bravura have really suffered no decline. Of his dictator's studied rise to power he says:—

'He had remarkably little difficulty in establishing the fundamental respectability of his intentions. He realized with the profoundest astonishment that a tacit assumption of his Anglicanism was made for him, that it was incredible to most of these influential people that a man could be a born Englishman and still not entertain the completest love and admiration for Anglicanism. He discovered that even the Jews, Atheists and Roman Catholics of Britain are fundamentally Anglican. And there was no question of the entire conformity of the modern Nonconformist. So after all, considering their immense assimilative power, why should they question *him?*'

The difficult problem of 'understanding the English' and the yet more trying one of attempting to foresee their future alignments may be made a little easier for us in these side glances of Mr. Wells' omniscient eye, which are by no means the least valuable things in his always entertaining and sparkling story.

—Henry Bennett

Soldier of the Church: The Life of Ignatius Loyola. *By Ludwig Marcuse. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1939. 352 pages. $2.50.*

As a popular, highly dramatized reworking of the familiar story of the founder of the Jesuit Order, this book deserves a wide reading among those whose knowledge of Catholic history is skimpy. Dr. Marcuse writes at considerable length about Loyola's Spanish background and with equal detail about his relationship with the Papacy, so that what comes out of his volume is not merely a man but an era in Europe and a period in the annals of Christianity.

Unsolved Mysteries of the Arctic. *By Vilhjalmur Stefansson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1939. 381 pages. $3.50.*

The mysteries Mr. Stefansson describes are the disappearance of the entire Greenland Colony of 9,000 Europeans, the lost expedition of Sir John Franklin and his party of more than a hundred, the unknown fate of Thomas Simpson, the death of the Swede Andrée, and the vanishing of the Russian Levanevsky and his companions in the summer of 1937. Mr. Stefansson does not pretend to have absolutely certain solutions for these mysteries, but he discusses them from the vantage point of an almost unsurpassed fund of information about the Arctic and always with an eye for fascinating, human detail. His volume leaves nothing to be desired, except an index, which it sorely lacks.

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

against Daladier's anti-parliamentary tendencies. [p. 353]

Current rumors notwithstanding, that the number of German refugees in this country goes into the hundred thousands, it is an established fact that within the last seven years less than 75,000 have entered the United States. In France, however, the problem of refugees has become a formidable one. She harbors today 2,500,000 aliens—of which 400,000 are victims of the Spanish War. In the article 'Permit to Live,' we have a vivid description of the plight of some of these unhappy people. [p. 357] Following our preference for publishing inside stories of institutions the machinery of which is not generally known, we have translated an inside account of the French Foreign Office. [p. 359]

JULES SAUERWEIN, the French ace reporter, whose articles occasionally appear in our own *Times*, has been covering Central Europe for his paper, *Paris-Soir*. The article which we here reprint is his analysis of the 'Balkan Dilemma.' [p. 363]

'THE Gypsies Are Here'! by Michel Maurette, is a spirited little study of the French countryside and the reactions of the villagers to a nomad troup of gypsies whose character is so alien to them. [p. 374]

IN OUR 'Miscellany' of this month, Sylvia Pankhurst, the famous champion of women's rights, again takes up arms to point out the astonishing degradation in the legal and social status of women under the totalitarian régime. [p. 366] In the second article, we learn something of the efficiency and organization that makes Buckingham Palace 'The Best-Run Household in Britain,' [p. 369] and in the third, we follow the fortunes of a coin, minted in Maria Theresa's time and apparently still as good as new. [p. 371]

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